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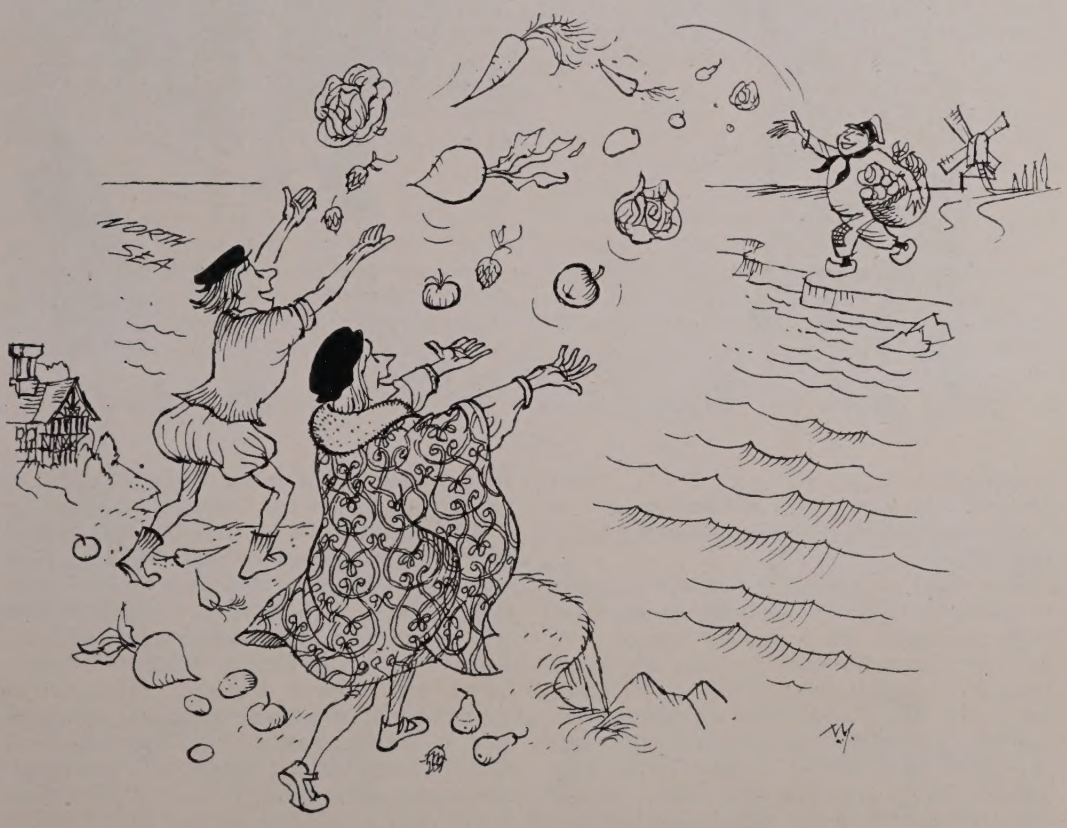
# GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE

# Wanderers

by OLIVE HESELTINE Illustrations by NORMAN MANSBRIDGE

It is an article of the diffusionist's faith that every human manufacture, from megaliths to mousetraps, has been disseminated from a single centre. But without engaging in this fascinating controversy we can still remark how much in our everyday surroundings has come from far away. We survey the landscape, green with "orient and immortal wheat" over which swallows skim and butterflies dance. A farmer is hoeing turnips, homeliest of roots. Yet turnips, clover and other sown grasses which, by providing winter keep, became the precursors of agricultural revolution, were introduced from Holland by Sir Richard Weston who farmed in Surrey in Charles I's time. Turnips and clover were not the only introductions from the Low Countries; most of the commoner garden vegetables, as cabbages and cauliflowers, carrots and parsnips, come from the same source. Many of these vegetables were known to the Greeks and Romans but their progress across Europe was a long and complicated one, and was accompanied by considerable changes in their appearance. (Incidentally, not until Cromwell crossed the Scottish border did the country famous for its kale-yard first taste kale.) Fruit trees, also, were "fetched out of Flanders". Richard Harrys, fruiterer to King Henry VIII, bought "105 good acres in Teynham which he divided into 10 parcels, and brought plants from beyond the seas and furnished this ground with them", which land "hath been the chief mother of all other orchards for these kinds of fruites". The origin of hop-growing was similar. Mangel-wurzels also came from across the Channel in the 18th century. Artichokes, though they grow wild in many parts of southern France, have their home in Asia. Essential to our salads, the tomato is firmly



ensconced in our diet—yet it was "stout Cortez" who wrenched this "love-apple", as it was once called, from the Aztecs of what is now Mexico.

Historians tell us that of the four centuries of Roman occupation of Britain only three legacies remain: the roads, the sites of cities and the Christian religion. But for many ordinary things we owe Rome much gratitude. It was Rome who introduced the kneaded loaf to this island, having obtained it in her turn from Greece, and Greece from Egypt. Fig and walnut trees first took root here in the Provincial Governor's garden, together with his less successful culture, the vine. To Rome we owe the gorgeous pheasant from Persia, the famous breed of Chillingham cattle from Italy, the humble rabbit from Spain; thanks to Rome the barn-door fowl has flown to us from the tree-tops of central Asia, and out of Gaul and into the sites of Roman settlements throughout the country has crawled the large white Roman snail. The large long-woolled white-faced sheep were probably of Roman origin. The English long wool which was famous in mediaeval times, so famous that a sack of it was chosen to give ease and stability to the Chancellor, chiefly came from the Cotswold country, the English home of the white-faced long-woolled race of sheep. We may reasonably suppose that some white race of Roman origin (either directly or at second hand from the Rhine provinces) went to the making up of Shorthorn cattle, which betray their hybrid origin in the mixed white and red coat-colour of the roans. Most unsuspected of all, Rome left with us that contraption of leather and reeds whose sounds move, both literally and metaphorically, the "ladies from hell" and their Celtic cousins the Irish.

But long before the coming of the Romans, Phoenician traders were sailing about the world. Onions, saffron and scalded cream are not usually associated; yet it was the Phoenician onion-traders who taught Cornishmen to flavour their cakes with saffron and thicken their cream into clots. And today their legitimate descendants, on bicycles with ropes of onions slung over their backs, carry this ancient merchandise every summer into England from Brittany.

To another Mediterranean trader we owe the emblem of our most pressing economic

problem. In the 6th century B.C. a Greek sailor named Kolaios was swept by a violent gale past the Pillars of Hercules to Spain. Here he did a roaring trade in wine and pottery, and in celebration a coin was struck representing two pillars entwined by a garland. Centuries later the coin was brought to America by Spaniards and its stamp has remained ever since as the dollar sign.

That the economic problem is so pressing is partly due to our unquenchable desire for a certain narcotic: it is not for the potato alone that we remember Raleigh. He it was "who tooke a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffolde". While it was Ralph Lane, first governor of Virginia, and Sir Francis Drake who brought the weed to his notice, only Raleigh's illustrious example spread the habit of smoking among Elizabethan courtiers; this aspect of culture, too, we now all enjoy.

Coins themselves were a significant step in the evolution of money, whose invention, as we know (being all economists now), made possible exchange and specialization and—blest phrase—greater productivity. They were first minted, according to Herodotus, in Lydia towards the end of the 8th century B.C., whence they spread to Greece and Italy, Persia and India. At a later date, coining originated independently (diffusionists notwithstanding) in China and from there went to Japan and Korea.

We are islanders, and owe many of our luxuries to ships: quinqueremes of Nineveh with cargoes "of ivory, and apes and peacocks, sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine"; vessels from the East, bringing sugar, cinnamon, nutmegs, cloves and pepper to Venice from the Levant ports, cargoes which had come all the way from the "isles of spice" we now include in Indonesia, in ships manned some by Indians and others by Arabs up to the ports of the Persian Gulf and then across Arabia by the age-old caravan route.

An epic story surrounds what is certainly one of our most commonplace fruits. Adopting the genial practice of using a different passport for each stage of the journey, the Sanskrit *nagrungo* became the Hindustani *narungee*, the Arab *naranj*, the Italian *arancia*, the Romance *arangi* and finally revealed its identity to us in the Provençal *orange*. The bitter variety felt the wanderlust first; though we dub it Seville, its home is nearer Siam:

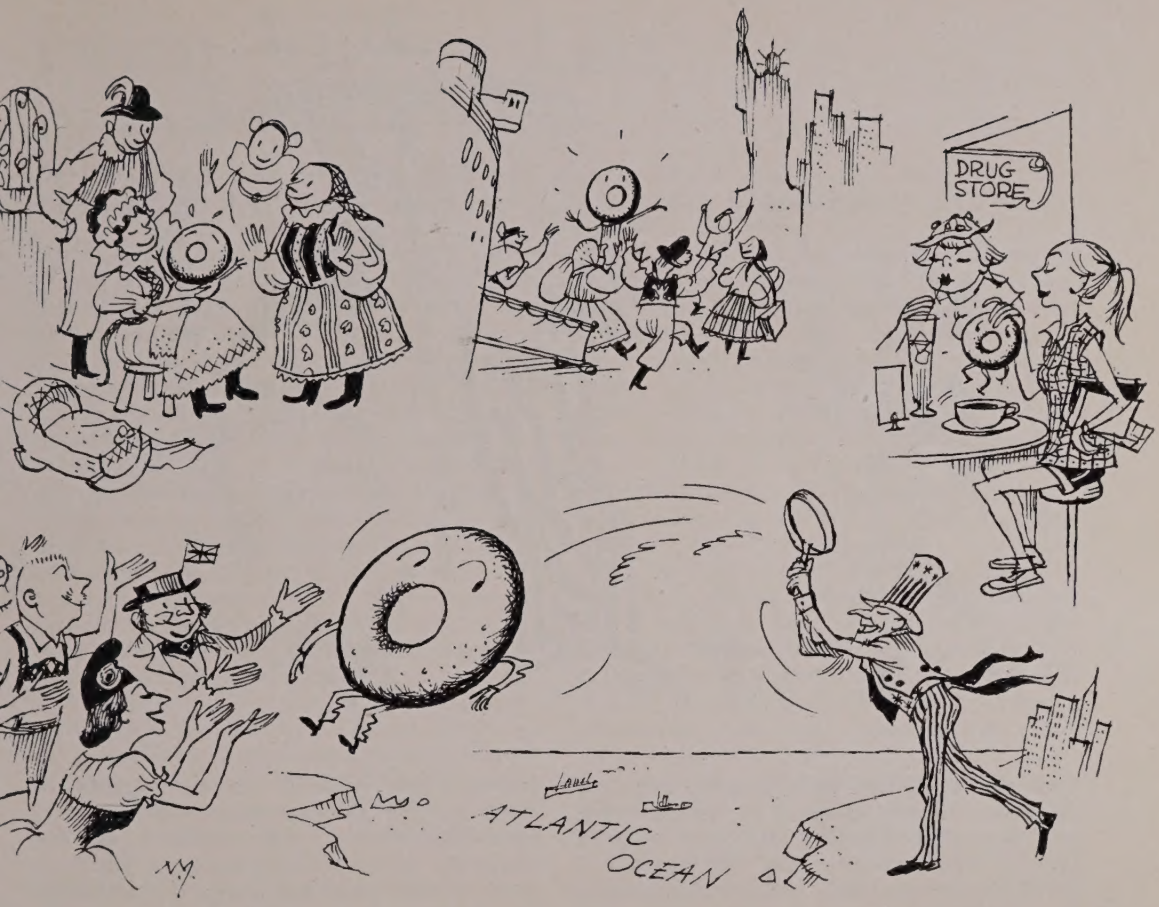
South China and the Indo-Chinese peninsula. By the 9th century the Arabs had moved it from the south-east of Asia to the south-west, and in the 10th they planted it in Oman and later in Mesopotamia and Syria. The fruit followed the warring Crescent to Africa and Spain and Sicily; and in the 12th century the returning Crusaders brought it from Palestine to Italy and Provence. After the compression of the Arab invasion had ended, Spain recoiled westwards, taking with it the bitter orange, first to the West Indies, then to Florida, where it grew so profusely that earlier botanists took it to be indigenous.

The sweet (Chinese) orange had no middlemen. Vasco da Gama and his fellow Portuguese brought it back from the East when first they spread their sails round the world, and planted it both at home and in the Azores, where now it grows so luxuriantly.

We still make ropes out of the jute which grows nowhere so well as in Bengal, and rub our soles on mats of the coir which comes from the coconut of the South Seas. Our bungalows commemorate the type of one-storeyed house in which Europeans live in India, and the verandas so familiar to our coastal towns were strange to the first employees of the East India Company.

Tea, of course, is only made in England, but it had to travel from China through Java before it could meet its fulfilment; coffee left its home in Abyssinia to pick up its name in Arabia before coming to Europe; and chocolate, that fashionable drink of 17th-century society, was, as *chocolatl*, a bitter and pungent Aztec drink. Spanish sugar and English milk turned it into the 20th-century beverage which we now know.

Most people are familiar with the strange story of silk which began to clothe the Eastern world about the middle of the 6th century. Two Persian monks, missionaries in China, observed the processes connected with the rearing of silkworms and the preparation of the material. They conveyed the eggs secretly to Constantinople, hatched them out at the proper time and fed the caterpillars on wild mulberry leaves. From this small beginning myriads of silkworms have spun to beautify the inhabitants of Europe and feed the works of Macclesfield, Spitalfields and Coventry. The wanderings of cotton, though less romantic, are equally ancient and world-wide. Manufactured in India from time immemorial, it was known in China before the Christian era, in Egypt, in many of the Mediterranean islands, in Greece and in Italy. Columbus found it in Mexico, and his successors in South America. And then, at




the height of England's industrial prosperity, it fed the roaring looms of Manchester and ever since has clothed millions on millions in every quarter of the globe.

The shawls from Kashmir, with their 'cone' pattern, which hung so gracefully over the sloping shoulders of our great-grandmothers were probably much the same as those described in Ezekiel and were imported into Tyre through Aden. The term is of Persian origin (*shâl*), and the garment is most characteristic of the natives of north-west India and central Asia, but in various forms and under different names the same article of clothing has found its way to most parts of the world. The patterns on the knitted goods made by the women of the Fair Isles were taught them by survivors of a wreck from the Spanish Armada. Calico is named after Calicut in Malabar, muslin was first made in Mosul, cambric at Cambrai, gauntlets in Ghent; diaper reminds us of Ypres, the place of its first manufacture, and chintz is an old Persian word meaning spotty. Also of Persian origin is the name seersucker, an East Indian corruption of *shîr o shakar* which means, literally, milk and sugar.

British cookery has received few compliments from foreign visitors; and it must be admitted that the Norman culinary conquest seems to have been made in vain. Yet its fantastic varieties of fish, flesh and fowl, its subtleties, kickshaws, *doucets* and meat *blancmangers* flourished under the guidance of "musical-headed Frenchmen" till the end of the 16th century, and it was not until the Puritan revolution that dinner reverted to its Anglo-Saxon dullness. Meanwhile, across the Channel Louis XIV's *maître d'hôtel*, Béchamel, was conjuring up a sauce to immortalize himself, and Louis XV's Duc de Richelieu later devised the *sauce mayonnaise* called, it is believed, after Port Mahon, in Minorca, which he had captured from the British under Byng in 1756. We still use the name. It should, however, be our national

pride that *biftek* finds an honourable place on the French menu and that the *boudin* which good King Alfred stuffed with great lumps of fat still rolls heavily round the world. A smaller sphere has made some brisk rotations. The doughnut, born in Bohemia, emigrated with the Czechs to America and then from the frying-pans of the New World was tossed back again to the Old. And well we know that one of the most delightful of sweetmeats is of Turkish origin.

Destroy every scrap of paper in our society and you destroy our civilization; yet the secret of its making came to us from some Chinese prisoners-of-war captured by the Arabs outside Samarkand in the middle of the 8th century, and in Europe it was Moslem Sicily and Moslem Spain which first used the new material.

It has been said that the only difference between summer and winter in this country is that in the former it rains and in the latter it also snows; umbrellas and rubbers serve us well. The umbrella, indeed, has been with us long enough to give birth to the parachute; the first had been a symbol of distinction in ancient Egypt and Asia, the second became one for six recent years; but the umbrella only came to England in the mid-18th century when Jonas Hanway, on his return from his travels, first used it in the streets of London. He persevered for thirty years, patiently bearing the clamour of the chairmen and hackney-coachmen and the jeers of their passengers, until it was finally accepted.

Rubber does not merely protect us from the rain; it also plays a vital part in paying for our food. This is a far cry from the day that Columbus, on his second visit to South America, looked in astonishment at the Indians amusing themselves with a black, heavy ball made from a vegetable gum. It needed the discovery of vulcanization in 1834 to make rubber commercially usable; but to make it available in sufficient quantities needed guile. Sir Joseph Hooker, the famous director of the Botanical Gardens at Kew, in 1873 sent a Mr Farris to defeat the Brazilian embargo on the export of seeds of *Hevea braziliensis*, which Farris did by stuffing the seeds into his "crocodile trophies", passing unmolested through the Customs. This venture was of no great avail as few of the seeds germinated, and only when H. A. (later Sir Henry) Wickham, having collected a large number of seeds and seedlings, chartered a steamer on the Amazon to bring them without delay to Kew, were the foundations of Malaya's rubber empire laid.

# Fijian Village Life

by TELFORD HINDLEY WORK

*Dr Work, who is an American specialist in tropical diseases, went to Fiji with Sir Philip Manson-Bahr to study the cause of filarial fever and elephantiasis, under Colonial Office auspices*

FROM earliest times the continuous migrations of the Fijians, their island existence and dependence upon materials provided by Nature for all their needs have forced them to develop a workable communal system of living which puts to shame all the Utopian schemes of modern social planners. Nothing demonstrates this better than a scene I witnessed when I was doing medical work during my stay in Fiji. I had decided that it was advisable for a woman on one of the remoter islands to be taken to the hospital in Suva for treatment. One of her children was too young to be left behind and it was therefore necessary for her husband to go as well, to care for the child and look after them both when the time came for their return.

As communal living does not allow personal bank accounts they had no money so the chief of the village called a parley and on the floor of his house the adult men gathered to pool their resources for the expenses of the journey. Each man pledged a few shillings or a chicken or a bunch of *dalo* (the Polynesian *taro*), whatever would be negotiable in Suva. There was no withholding or stinginess because each knew that the time might come when his fellow-villagers would be called upon to subscribe for him. Within half an hour the handful of shillings, the chickens and the dalo were handed over to the sick woman's husband with no thought of repayment. In addition, for as long as they were gone their elder children would be looked after and their gardens cultivated by the rest of the villagers.

The personal desires of the individual can only be satisfied when the needs of the community have been provided for. I believe this is the reason that Christianity came rather easily to the Fijians; for centuries they had been forced to live to a practical golden rule. They possess no private property as we know it: what belongs to one belongs to all. The converse is also true: what belongs to all belongs to the individual who needs it at any particular time. Consequently felonies are extremely rare, though petty thefts from European employers are more frequent as the European's ideas of the rights of personal possession are difficult for Fijians to understand. I have frequently seen them help themselves to pieces of furniture in one house to be used in another where there happened to be a current need, such as a chair for a European guest. Though nominally the property of the person or family who brought the article to the village in the first place, there is no resentment aroused by its temporary or even permanent acquisition by another.

The village is the hub of the Fijians' life. Many of them grow up, marry, work and die in the village in which they were born. The unit of the village is the thatched house called a *bure*, which some anthropologists believe is the finest example of house-building to be found in the Pacific islands. A well-built one will stand for ten or fifteen years with only minor repairs. They are arranged in a rectangular, oval or circular plan around a central clearing or common which is used as a playground for children, grazing for pigs and fowls, a community gathering-place for important outdoor meetings or just as the communal front yard belonging to each and every household.

One or two months a year are set aside for building. Usually twenty or thirty men from two or more villages work together; as a result more houses can be built in less time than if each village only built its own houses. This is particularly true after a hurricane has swept through a region, leaving in its wake more damage in one village than in another. New bures are usually built on the sites and foundations of the old.

Twenty or thirty feet away from the bure, on the side opposite that facing the common, a small thatched structure is placed. This is the kitchen in which all the meals are cooked over an open fire on the ground. Fijian food is rather starchy except for occasional fish, beef, pork or chicken; in the rainy regions dalo is the staple item and in the drier parts *kumara* (sweet potato) and tapioca provide the starchy bulk. Wherever they occur, breadfruit trees provide additional food.

The Fijians are good cooks and prepare these intrinsically dull foods in a number of different ways, often cooking them in green-

coconut milk or baking them in green leaves, changing their flavour and texture by complicated and lengthy processes. Where there are streams to provide them freshwater prawns are a great delicacy and crabs, mangrove crayfish, fruit-bats and other occasional captures provide variation in their diet, but sea turtle is still considered food exclusively for chieftains in most parts of Fiji and is therefore tabu to the common people.

When the meal has been cooked one of the women unrolls a long mat for a table-cloth on the mat-covered floor of the bure and plates, cups and saucers are placed on it; in the absence of plates, banana or dalo leaves are used. Forks and spoons are rarely available and the Fijians eat with their fingers, helping themselves to the steaming hot food which is brought from the kitchen in large containers and placed in the centre of the 'table' mat. The normal meal consists of three courses: prawns, fish, meat or canned food, followed by a starchy staple and then, invariably, tea and biscuits, a British tradition now firmly established in Fiji.

I think the most pleasant feature of a Fijian meal comes after the last mouthful of tea has been swallowed. It is then that the men turn from their squatting positions, roll over and stretch out on the floor mat while the women clear up the remaining food and dishes.

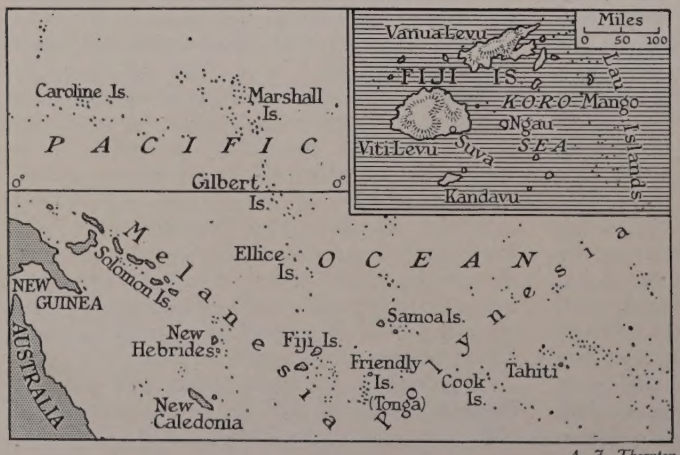
Europeans are always served alone at a table until they are brought by intimate friendship to the squatting position at the mat on the floor with the rest. After I had graduated in this way I found that the consequent strain on my leg-muscles, unaccustomed to the squatting position, was always relieved when I stretched out on the mat floor after stuffing myself with good Fijian food. Looking up from the floor towards the roof, the main crossbeam of the bure becomes the centre of attention and on it there is always a collection of pictures and clippings about the British Royal Family of whom the Fijians are very proud. From this prone position I learned more about the Royal Family than I had known from a year's residence in London and all the reading I had done in magazines, books and newspapers.

In a few minutes the bure is filled with the strong smoke of Fiji tobacco which is the strongest I have ever smelled. In fact I often wondered if the kink in the habitual smoker's hair was not associated with the tobacco itself! At no particular time the period of rest ends; the men then get up and move about their business as occasion demands.

The life of a Fijian woman is not much different from that of her Western contemporaries. In addition to tending the gardens, preparing the meals and rearing the children, she must keep the house tidy and wash the family's clothes. The bures are remarkably clean, being swept out several times a day with brooms which are made at home, of palm fibre. The women, like the men and the children, bathe in the sea or in nearby streams and rivers. Here they also do their laundry, having a continuous supply of water in which to rinse the soapy clothes they have pounded and scrubbed on the rocks.

As for the men, besides the building of houses and the digging of gardens, their job is to catch fish, hunt for wild game, make boats and collect coconuts for copra. We often watched fish-drives in the shallow waters of the reef. As the tide receded, thirty or forty Fijian men and boys from several villages, all working together, slowly closed in on a small pool with their home-made nets of green palm leaves. The fish, trapped in the shallow pool, are speared, strung up and carried back to the villages to be divided according to the number of people in each household.

Copra is a big business for the Fijians now that its price is upwards of £40 a ton. The groves of wild coconuts in the region of each particular village belong to it by traditional agreement with neighbouring villages. Coconuts ripen at all times of the year and periodically the men search the jungle floor, collecting the fallen nuts which are either brought to the village for opening or split at a collection-point under the




*A. J. Thornton*

All Kodachromes by the a

*Nearly all the Fijians' needs are secured from the sea, the jungle and the gardens round their villages.* (Above) *Wild palm-trees provide copra (dried coconut-meat), a valuable export, with which to buy manufactured goods from abroad.* (Below) *Grown in family plots,* dalo *furnishes a starchy staple in their diet*

*The unit of a Fijian village is the thatched house called a* bure. *Arranged around a central clearing they are the product of communal effort, by which means they can be built and furnished complete in a week. Posts for the framework are of forest hardwoods, bound by creepers; the rafters of bamboos or green wood; and walls and roofs of reeds, grass and leaves*

*When a house is to be built Fijian villagers gather in the clearing before the chief's bure and sit talking—of anything but house-building—while a bowl of* yangona *is passed round. After an hour or so they discuss the matter in hand and then disperse to collect the necessary materials.*

shade of the palms. The white coconut-meat is shelled out of the husk and carried in sacks to the drying racks in the village where it is spread in the sun to dry. When dried sufficiently it becomes copra, a brownish leathery substance with a strong, sweet, nutty smell. This is put in gunny-sacks and transported to the nearest trader or Fijian co-operative warehouse before being sent to Suva or some other port. There it is processed into coconut-oil products such as margarine.

Unfortunately, the principal useless by-product of the copra industry—the empty coconut-shell—is cast aside in the jungle. Here it becomes a small container for rain-water in the shade; the ideal breeding-place of *Aedes pseudoscutellaris*, the filaria-carrying mosquito which transmits filariasis, the cause of filarial fever and elephantiasis, the vitiating malady which is widespread in Fiji. Some progress has been made in educating the Fijians to recognize the role of the discarded coconut-shell in the perpetuation of the disease but much still remains to be done towards the effective application of disease- and mosquito-control measures in rural regions.

While searching for clinical cases of filariasis which were necessary to our investigations I had an opportunity to spend three weeks with my wife and family on Vanua Levu, the second largest island in Fiji. We were invited to accompany representatives of the Fijian Affairs Department on their annual visit to the councils of the three provinces of Mbua, Mathuata and Thakaundrove. At such councils we would have access to from several hundred to a couple of thousand Fijians whom it would otherwise have taken us months to visit from village to village.

The Department had chartered a local copra-trading vessel, romantically called the *Fijian Princess*. She was a cumbersome, under-powered vessel, with sails which were insufficient to move her without aid of the auxiliary engines, but since this was the twenty-seventh vessel of the owner—the other twenty-six having been lost to the reefs and elemental acts of God prevalent in the South Seas—sleek

*A never-ending task of Fijian women is the making of mats for floor-coverings, bedding, wall-hangings and even clothing. The fibre most commonly used comes from the leaves of the pandanus or screw-pine, which are stripped, boiled, dried and then woven whenever there is a moment to spare*

design was of little importance in a craft which already passed the record-breaking age of three years.

Our first stop was at the village of Dama in the middle of which we found a large open compound with the chief's beautifully thatched house standing on a high solid earthen foundation at the eastern end. We arrived as a freshly roasted pig was being carried towards the large meeting house, in preparation for the opening ceremony.

As we went from one council to another, it was the responsibility of each locality to provide for the guests: not only ourselves but also the visitors from other villages in the province. Visongo is situated in a territory which has many sea turtles. When we arrived there on the opening day of the council, we counted forty-seven sea turtles in the village helplessly lying on their backs, alive, waiting to be killed for food. The finest one, of course, was sent to the *Fijian Princess* as food for the passengers and crew during our stay there. Since they weigh two or three hundred pounds, there is several days' supply of food for many people in one turtle. Little did we know at that time that all we should get for breakfast, lunch and dinner for the next five days would be turtle—fried, baked, boiled and stewed—but such was the case.

I had had turtle before and liked it. It usually appeared in two forms on the table. The whitish, tough but pleasantly and distinctly flavoured lean muscle-meat and the shiny, jade-green chunks of fat, which never seemed to digest very well, particularly on the fourth and fifth days of our turtle diet. We began to take real interest in the fishing activities of the boys who dropped lines over the side at night, usually without success, but occasionally catching a hammerhead shark. It was then that we had our choice, and we stuck to turtle.

It is traditional for the meetings to end about four o'clock each day, at which time the government representatives, chiefs and sundry guests gather on the common to watch the dances, which are put on primarily in their honour, but also because the villagers enjoy them. The music for these is mainly

*A Fijian from Lomaloma in the Lau Islands waits his turn to take part in the village* meke. *His dance will probably tell a story of the old cannibal days: the club was characteristic of those islands and the soot-smeared face was to prevent light gleaming on skins oiled to escape from enemy clutches. The friendly good nature of these men does not prevent them from maintaining their old reputation for courage in battle, as is now being proved in Malaya*

(Above) *A meke in front of the chief's bure at Dama on Vanua Levu where spears, not clubs, were formerly used. The male spear-dancers sit among the musicians while the women on the right are waiting to begin dancing.* (Below) *Women dancers of Dama wear beautiful tapa-cloth costumes—*

*—made from the bark of a tree. The brown and black designs are stained with banana-leaf stencils.* (Above *and* below) *A women's meke in Lomaloma. The traditional Lau Islands grass skirts have been superseded by strips of crepe paper as the colours are gayer and they flutter more in the breeze*
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*The Ngau Parrot, a rare green bird much in demand by fanciers all over the world, is the most brilliant of the Fijian parrots. Its head varies in colour from deep maroon to bright red, depending on age and island of origin. Coming principally from Ngau it is also found on other islands in the Koro Sea. The parrot feeds upon the blossom of the hibiscus (shown in the picture) to obtain nectar dissolved in rainwater within it*

vocal with accompaniment only from the beat of a *lale*, a hollowed log or piece of wood which is struck with a stick to keep time. Four-part harmony comes naturally to the Fijians and their choral singing is impressively beautiful. The music is locally composed and the songs tell stories which range from legends of the Fijians' origin in Africa to tales of the recent war. The dances, or *mekes* as they are called in Fiji, rhythmically and gracefully act out the drama of the story or cannibal raid.

In a stirring meke on Vanua Levu, by more than sixty charcoal-faced, coconut-oiled men, one such attack was so vividly re-enacted that we had subconscious misgivings as to their intent. This feeling was reinforced by an accidential encounter with some of these charcoal-blackened spearsmen after the dance, in another section of the village, where they were preparing their evening meal.

They were gathered around a gigantic, black, iron pot, like those envisioned by cartoonists who lightly treat the old days of cannibalism. They were cutting chunks of meat into small pieces and dropping them into the kettle which in all its black and spacious horror was hanging over a blazing fire. Hanging in a tree nearby was a slab of meat about five feet long which looked like one of the cartoonist's bodies in the flesh. Only after they turned with ivory-toothed grins of hospitality and a "*Mbula vinaka!*" were my misgivings resolved. They were cooking *bulamakau*, which is the Fijian word for beef.

Perhaps the most interesting and enjoyable trip I made in Fiji was the voyage to Lau, the eastern region of the archipelago where the Melanesian Fijians centuries ago met and merged with the Polynesian Tongans from the Friendly Islands Archipelago. The Tongans were converted to Christianity before missionaries reached Fiji. These Polynesian Christians sailed northwest towards Fiji with their new religion. Not unlike their Western contemporaries, they felt this gave them licence for bloody conversion of their heathen neighbours. Results of this minor conquest were much the same as in South America: a permanent mixture of races. The Lauans of today are the progeny of this mixture.

My host on this cruise was Ratu Sir Lala Sukuna, head of the Department of Native Affairs of the Fijian government and descendant of King Thakombau, the cannibal king who ceded Fiji to Queen Victoria in 1874. He exemplifies the finest type of leader developed under the colonial system. Educated at Oxford, he took part in World War I in the French Foreign Legion, receiving the Médaille Militaire, France's highest military honour, for heroism in action. Between the two wars he returned to his people and did much to bring them ahead in a fast-shrinking world within the framework of their own traditional culture. In World War II he was a Colonel in the Fiji Military Forces and had much to do with the outstanding record made by the Fijians in the jungle warfare of the South Pacific. The mark of his true value to his people and the Commonwealth was shown in 1950 when he was chosen as adviser on colonial affairs for the British Delegation at the General Assembly of the United Nations.

But during this two-week voyage we became well acquainted while living aboard the *Andi Maopa*, the Fijian cutter named after his mother, which took us to Lau and back, and I learned to know him not so much as an exemplary colonial official but as one of the finest persons I have ever had the privilege of meeting.

From Mango eastward we were constantly in sight of at least one or more of the Lau Islands. Their green forms are scattered in a line almost due north to south for more than two hundred miles. We were headed for the village of Lomaloma on Vanua Mbalavu, one of the largest in the group, for the annual council of the Lau Province.

It was late afternoon as we rounded the southern tip of the island and saw the shoreline of Lomaloma in the distance. In the foreground, pressed by the strong wind, were the mat-sailed outrigger canoes which are still used as the mainstay of transportation in the Lau Islands. These were the first outriggers I had ever seen in use in Fiji and their swift graceful movements on the turquoise sea against green mountains and white beach of Mbalavu is a sight I shall not soon forget.

In other parts of Fiji, motor-boats have replaced more primitive craft. But in Lau, where the Polynesian influence is so strongly felt and where the islands are so close together, the outrigger is still used. I think there is little doubt that it is a contribution of the Polynesians to the Melanesian culture. Their continued use in the area where the two races have merged affords evidence of this.

It was dusk by the time we anchored. Almost immediately several boats tied up alongside from which came dozens of high-ranking Lauan chiefs to greet their high chief, Ratu Sukuna. It is customary for a bunch of coconuts to be presented as a sign

that all the subsistence which can be provided by the islands belongs to the visiting chief. This was followed by the presentation of the *tambua*, or whale's tooth, which is the custom widespread throughout Fiji for honouring a guest. On this, as on other ceremonial occasions, the company consumed *yangona*, a drink made from the *kava* stem.

In a society where the communal system of living minimizes the value of money, the tambua is the symbol of the greatest in material or chivalrous values that can be presented by one person to another. It symbolizes first of all great honour to the guest and the humility of the giver in his presence. It also implies willingness to provide every physical need for the visitor and his party should they stay for days or years. The tambua will secure in Fiji what no amount of money could ever buy. When a young man wishes to marry he gets a friend to present a tambua, along with his request, to the girl's father. If the potential son-in-law is not acceptable, the tambua is returned within a few days; on the other hand retention of the whale's tooth by the father is a sign that the wedding may proceed.

Ratu Sukuna described the significance of each stage of the proceedings to me as they unfolded. He was their guest, but it was a sign of his consideration for me, his guest, that I was informed of everything which might be of interest or help in understanding his people. He had spent much of his boyhood among them and as a young man had been a provincial administrator in this village of Lomaloma. The family ties were strong, for certain ancestors of the chiefly family had come from Lau.

Another tambua and yangona ceremony of much grander scale—including four whales' teeth—took place before the presentation of gifts by the assembled subjects. Already staked out near the shelter were twenty-odd pigs and a pile of several tons of dalo root which were presented in token to Ratu Sukuna. There followed a procession of all the women, each costumed in the usual long dress with underhanging *sulu*. But from the waist hung a flimsy outer skirt of grass, fibre or decorative strips of coloured crepe paper. This was a distinctly Polynesian contribution to the Lauan costume. These grass skirts are worn when the Lauans journey to other parts of Fiji as a proud mark of their territorial loyalty. Each of these women carried a quart bottle of flavoured soda-water for presentation to their chief. These were accepted by a deputy as the women passed and stacked into a huge pile of bottled goods. When the presentation was over, Ratu Sukuna directed his representatives to divide up the food and drink according to the number of people from each island who had come to honour him. In this way, the problem of feeding all these extra people was solved.

Then the lesser chiefs, *bulis*, and other representatives, dressed in stiff collars, ties and wool coats, on a very hot day, filed into a neighbouring bure for their first meeting. These continued morning and afternoon for the next three days. The bure in which the meetings were held was a Lauan one of Polynesian influence, oval in shape unlike the rectangular ones of the other parts of Fiji. In moving across the South Pacific from western Fiji to Samoa, the houses change from rectangular to circular. This oval shape was one of the transition forms.

As at other councils, official proceedings were terminated about four o'clock and the chiefs gathered outside to be entertained by the mekes prepared by the natives of the various Lau islands. Here, as we had seen in the other islands, the dances were uniquely distinctive of the local people, telling their own favourite stories. As the Lauans are of predominantly Polynesian blood the music was more melodious; similar to that of Hawaii and Tahiti which accompanies the *hula*. Their music-makers kept time with skin-covered drums, another Polynesian innovation.

At Lomaloma we had come as far east in Fiji as possible. Beyond were a few hundred miles of ocean to Tonga and Samoa, the home of a different race and culture. I had been to the extreme west and north of this colony, beyond which there were other hundreds of miles of ocean to the New Hebrides, Solomon and Gilbert Islands. In leaving Fiji for New Zealand we were to pass beyond the southern extremity of the archipelago, the island of Kandavu. In this area of 250 miles square 130,000 native Fijians had maintained their racial and cultural integrity in the face of an overwhelming onslaught of Western civilization; yet a hundred years ago they were cannibals.

During our year with them we learned what a credit they were to themselves and to the Commonwealth. A short time ago they landed eight hundred strong in Malaya, there to take part in the jungle warfare, for which they are better known than any other people in that part of the world, and to fight on behalf of the free world against the common enemy whose pretensions they shame by their truly Christian and workable system of communal living.

# Queen Maud Land

## The Scientific Results of the International Expedition

by GORDON ROBIN

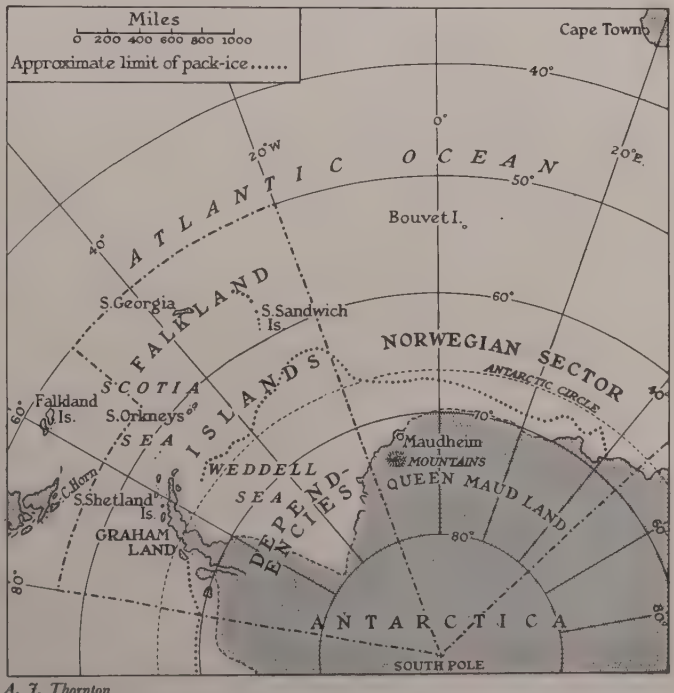
*Four previous articles, published in this Magazine in November 1949, July 1950, October 1950 and July 1951, have described the progress of the Norwegian-British-Swedish Antarctic Expedition, to the expenses of which a first contribution of £2000 was made from The Geographical Magazine Trust Fund. The author of this concluding article, an Australian, was the expedition's chief physicist*

THE bare bleak landscape of Antarctica has now, after the lapse of a few months and a long sea journey, given place to the pleasant sights and sounds of the English countryside.

The utter silence of a deserted land is replaced by the chirp of birds, by the rumble of distant traffic and the cries of young children. The constant sight of seemingly endless snow has given way to soft green lawns and spreading trees. The flat plains of shelf-ice around Maudheim have been replaced by the gently rolling downs of England. Finally, and perhaps the most striking change of all for an expedition member, the compelling sense of the urgency of completing one's researches before departure from an Antarctic environment is no longer present. Instead we can take time to contemplate our results and decide whether the work has been worthwhile.

For indeed, when one is stamping around on the small top of some Antarctic peak in an effort to keep warm whilst noting figures for the surveyor, one must believe rather than reason that the effort has been worthwhile. Nevertheless, the fact that one is at last completing the final step in a long chain of events fully compensates any temporary discomfort.

To set those two men on that peak much organization had been necessary. In Europe the planning committee had raised money, largely through the Governments, to send an expedition to this unknown region. Then a ship had steamed almost from the top to the bottom of the world, pushing its way through sunny weather or storm, across the oceans, then through miles of pack-ice to set a small party ashore to build some huts on a very thick floating shelf of ice. From this base, after careful reconnaissance by dog-team, an advanced base or supply dump had been established by mechanical transport. Finally, the last step in the chain is completed when the surveyor, after driving his dog-team miles beyond the inland base, sets up his theodolite on the rocky peak and starts to record numerous angles in his notebooks. This task must continue while the weather permits, so that before he returns to Europe, the surveyor has enough intersecting angles and completed triangles to plot accurately on a map all the prominent mountain peaks in the area being investigated. In this way some 24,000 square miles of western Queen Maud Land have been surveyed with greater accuracy than anything previously attempted




*A. J. Thornton*

*All photographs by members of the Norwegian-British-Swedish Antarctic Expedition*

*Three of the vital links which made it possible to reach and map the inland mountains of Queen Maud Land: ship, aircraft and dog-team.* Norsel *is secured to sea-ice frozen the previous winter. The Beechcraft, on skis, and smaller Safir, on floats, were used by the Swedish Air Force in 1951-2*

in Antarctica. In addition to this basic triangulation, photographic survey, both from the ground and from the air, has been carried out so that details may be filled in to make a complete map.

The programme of aerial survey itself has also required a major effort. After the Royal Air Force Antarctic Flight had shown how effective air support could be in finding a suitable site for a base during the landing operations in January and February 1950, a Norwegian polar aviation company tackled the job of taking aerial photographs of the inland mountains during the 1950-51 summer. Unfortunately, bad weather and an accident with the survey aeroplane prevented them from carrying out very much of this task. However, a member of the Swedish Air Force accompanied the expedition's ship *Norsel* south that summer, and after seeing the difficulties on the spot, returned to Sweden and organized the final season's flying. Aided by good weather and a control-tower well equipped with radio-navigational aids the Swedish Air Force carried out the final season's flying, using a twin-engined Beechcraft plane for the aerial survey. In a series of planned flights, the unit was able to photograph practically the entire area covered by the ground parties and to photograph additional peaks to the west and south-west. In addition, while these aircraft flights were taking place, the *Norsel* made a short trip to sea and surveyed the front of the ice-shelf from 4°W to 12°W, using her radar and echo-sounding equipment. The sequel to these aircraft flights, sledge journeys and ship survey is now taking place in an office in Norway. There, calculations are being made and elaborate plotting-machines are evaluating the ground and aerial photographs so that a series of maps can be produced. The distribution of these maps, and their gradual incorporation in atlases, marks the final stage in the elimination of the word "unknown" as applied to the area in which we have been working.

So far I have emphasized the geographical exploration done by the expedition but, perhaps unlike some, we did not look on the survey as the primary object of the expedition, but rather as the basis for other scien-

(Above) *Travelling towards the distant mountains. The broken surface-line on the left indicates a crevasse ridged with snow of uncertain strength.* (Below) *The "spire" at the top of this 8500-foot peak, an important survey-point, was visible for over a hundred miles. The camp at the foot is that of the surveyor and geologists*

*This 'nunatak' (the Eskimo name for a rocky peak projecting through an ice sheet) has been formed by an intrusion of volcanic rock which survived after the softer sedimentary rocks had been worn away around it. The combined action of sun and wind frequently hollows windscoops up to fifty feet deep in the snow surrounding such nunataks, making it difficult for the geologists to collect rock specimens*

*The strange patterns in the rock are caused by the action of heat and pressure on old sedimentary rocks and were typical of the more easterly mountains. The geologist notes details before taking specimens back to camp, to be returned by dog-sledge, weasel and ship to Europe for examination*

tific field work. The geologists and glaciologists require accurate maps to carry out and subsequently to report their work. In practice the geologists worked very closely with the surveyor, as both had to visit as many as possible of the exposed peaks and massifs to carry out their appointed tasks. Together they visited all the mountains and major 'nunataks' between latitudes 71° to 73°50′S, and from longitude 2°E to 12°W. To the east the peaks consist of a complex of metamorphic rocks, but the mountains of the western section are composed of nearly flat sediments which in the dim geological past may have been deposited by rivers flowing through a desert type of landscape. Little, however, is known about the period which has elapsed since these rocks were formed, as the geologist's date-stamps, the fossils, were extremely scarce. Nor, to answer a very natural question, were any mineral deposits of value found. The hundreds of rock specimens which have been brought back to this country by dog-sledge, weasel and then ship should, however, provide much useful evidence of the geological relationships between different parts of the Antarctic.

Not that such relationships worried Tony who took a leading part in the field work. Tony was in fact the grand old man of the field parties. He started life in Labrador, then after some years in Spitsbergen he joined our expedition shortly before we sailed south. He was the type you would expect to see peacefully smoking a pipe in his armchair at the club, but with us he was the leading dog of the surveyor's team—and as such the leading dog of the party. Not particularly fast, he was nevertheless indispensable, as he could be easily steered by word of mouth, and would keep a straight course when left alone. Such a leader saves a great deal of trouble with a party, as although most dogs will pull hard when following another dog, or man, or sledge, very few will obey orders and run straight with nothing ahead of them. Dinah, a very well-proportioned and lively young lady of another team, was just the opposite. Although a fine puller, at certain times she could upset the rest of the team, so much so that on one occasion she was left with ample food by herself for a couple of days until she was quieter. Somehow she managed to pull the stake to which she was

*The caboose or sledge caravan, built at Maudheim of wood and canvas, provided a laboratory for the seismic shooting and living-quarters for four men.* (Above) *The weasel, towing a loaded sledge plus the caboose, moving through the mountains towards the southern ice-plateau. The tent-type sleeve entrance seen on the caboose was chosen in preference to a door, being more snow-proof in blizzards.* (Left) *Breakfast in the caboose. This normally consisted of porridge and cocoa—the standard sledging diet—but a few extra 'luxuries' were carried. The comfort and warmth inside were greater than in the normal tent*

chained out of the ice, and instead of joining the rest of her team eight miles off, she dragged her chain 120 miles along the route back to the base in four days, and thus missed most of that summer's sledging.

Magnificent as the dogs are, however, they could not cope with the loads required for the seismic party who therefore used snow tractors known as weasels. This party intended to measure the ice thickness along a line as far inland from Maudheim as practicable, by a method known as seismic shooting. More simply expressed, this is a type of echo-sounding in which explosives are used to generate the initial sound.

Until 1950 very little was known about the actual thickness of the two great ice-caps of the world, Antarctica and the smaller Greenland ice-cap. In the past two years, however, Expéditions Polaires Françaises have carried out extensive measurements of ice thickness over much of the southern half of Greenland, finding ice up to 10,000 feet thick under the crest of the ice-cap. Apart from the coastal mountain ranges, much of the land beneath the ice of the southern half of Greenland is close to sea level and relatively flat. Our seismic-shooting studies in the Antarctic represent a much smaller slice relatively out of the vast Antarctic ice-cap. They show that deep fjords and even mountain ridges are completely covered by ice along the 380-mile profile examined. The greatest ice thickness, over 7500 feet, was found beneath the surface of an inland ice plateau some 8000 feet above sea level. It is apparently caused by mountains damming back the ice instead of letting it flow easily into the surrounding oceans. These observations, together with some recent theoretical work on the flow of ice, should further the understanding of the mechanism of existing ice-caps. In addition to the problem of large ice-caps, the seismic shooting and other glaciological results in the Antarctic have thrown much light on the way in which shelf-ice is anchored on shoals and is joined to the inland ice. Although not fully understood, there is a considerable difference in the mechanism of flow of a floating ice sheet and of inland ice. The latter has to overcome the friction of moving over rock, whereas with floating ice this friction is negligible. To produce the greater forces necessary for sliding over rock, greater ice thicknesses are involved. Even though the rock may be relatively flat beneath the ice, at points where the ice is grounded over any large area, ice hills are formed in order to produce the forces necessary for flow to occur.

As our base at Maudheim was built on floating shelf-ice some 600 feet thick the work of the glaciologists and the surveyor around the base has added some interesting information about this type of ice, and raised some fresh problems. The surface level of the shelf-ice above the sea was accurately measured soon after our arrival, then again before our departure. Although nearly five feet of snow had been added to the surface during this period, the height above sea level was practically unchanged. The glaciologists, besides using a network of stakes to measure this accumulation, had also surveyed them accurately when planted, and then again before departure. They found that the ice surface was gradually spreading out, so probably this is connected with the constancy of elevation of the surface. Similar stakes were planted in the ice inland among the mountains, again to study the bulk movement of the ice.

In contrast to these studies to determine the behaviour of ice in bulk, the same problem was studied on the microscopic side, starting from the small ice crystals falling on the surface as snow, and studying the gradual transformation of these crystals to hard ice. This work was done at Maudheim with the help of a large Canadian boring machine. With this, undisturbed ice samples were brought to the surface from all depths down to 330 feet. These samples were studied in the glaciologists' cold laboratory under the microscope, by balances and other instruments, to measure just how the ice crystals grew as they gradually sank deeper in the ice. The measurement of the temperature of ice at different depths also showed that the ice from around thirty to one hundred feet was very close in temperature to the mean annual air temperature as measured by the meteorologists. This fact was used in reverse during the inland journeys to measure mean annual air temperatures as low as −40°F by means of the ice temperatures. In fact in several branches we found that meteorological and glaciological studies overlapped, thus illustrating the rather desirable point that our studies in different sciences were largely interrelated, thereby increasing the value of each.

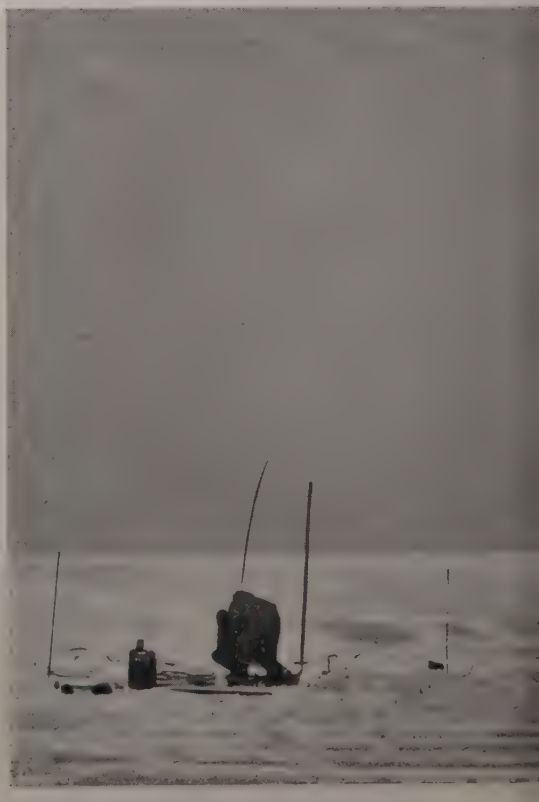
However this coordinated programme did not mean the complete exclusion of work not related to the main field of investigations. Thus our doctor, who was better trained for biological studies, carried out a series of investigations into the adaptation of the human body to a cold environment. Blood-corpuscle counts, blood-sugar determina-

tions, measurements of the basic metabolism were all made periodically on the expedition members. In the field he made collections of mosses and lichens, and even found some small living mites running about beneath stones on the warmer sunny days. Other more or less isolated studies at the base included periodic accurate measurements of the earth's magnetic field, and photography of the *aurora australis* during the winter months.

The shift in the emphasis of our expedition towards increased technical observations in the field has not been made without some corresponding shift in the outlook of the participants. Whereas in the past practically the first requirement of a man going on field journeys was physical toughness, with mechanized transport a man's mechanical competence is more important. A latent physical toughness is desirable for emergencies, but it is unnecessary to display it unduly on a well-ordered mechanized journey. For instance, we in the seismic party, even on the high inland plateau, slept on spring bunks in the caboose. Also we produced at times our small supply of delicacies, such as strawberry jam, to sweeten our sledging biscuits. We enjoyed thus flaunting this new freedom from past limitations, even though we were well aware that should our mechanical transport fail we would have to fall back on the older, better proven and hardier methods. In fact there was probably little difference in technique between the various dog-sledging parties working out from our advanced base, and similar parties twenty years ago. With them the emphasis in planning the journey was still on economy in weight of food and equipment, but with the weasel parties this emphasis shifted towards the maximum speed of operation in the field.

The caboose, a sledge caravan, was a particular example of this. It is estimated that although it increased the load by a third of a ton, thus reducing the theoretical range of the seismic party by some seventy miles, it increased the time the party had available for scientific work by around three hours per day. This time was saved by a combination of speedier making and breaking of camp, plus the availability of a working laboratory

(Left) *A glaciologist lowering a thermometer down a hole bored in the ice to measure its temperature.* (Below) *Members of the seismic party extracting the ice-bore and rods for cleaning*



on the trail with instruments already set up whenever the party stopped. Taken over the three months the seismic party spent in the field, these techniques produced a considerable increase in the number of seismic soundings made.

This illustrates an essential difference of outlook from that of mountaineers aiming to climb some grand peak. The satisfaction of an expedition does not, like theirs, lie mainly in the experience, rather than in the result. Instead the satisfaction of a scientific expedition lies in the results, garnished by the experience. It is the quality and quantity of the data stored in our notebooks, and on our films, that matters most to a party such as ours.

This outlook is just as evident at the base as in the field, and the meteorological office in one hut afforded a good example of it. By the turn of a switch there it was possible to read accurately any one of twenty thermometers, between thirty feet above the snow surface to 330 feet below the surface in the shelf-ice. Six of these thermometers produced continuous recordings, whilst another instrument recorded winds at six different levels on the meteorological mast. The primary aim of these multi-recording instruments was not merely to record a large quantity of results, but to study the specific problems of variation of air temperatures and wind-speeds with height, and to find if possible the relation between the two. The flat shelf-ice around Maudheim provided an ideal exposure for this and various other special meteorological studies.

On the grand scale, the whole of the southern section of the Southern Hemisphere provides a good testing ground for large-scale meteorological theories. The simple distribution of a large ocean surrounding a roughly circular continent centred on the South Pole makes meteorological interpretation much more straightforward than in the Northern Hemisphere, where a mixture of continents and oceans produces many complications. Our total of 650 daily upper-air observations on temperature, pressure and winds in the upper atmosphere therefore

*Seismic receivers, picking up echoes from charges exploded in bore-holes, recorded the ice thickness down to underlying rock. Here, over 8000 feet above sea level, the snow has been 'flattened' by running the weasel around before laying out the receivers, so as to prevent secondary echoes from irregularities. The pit was used to study the temperature and density of the surface snow*

*Detailed studies of wind-speeds and temperatures at different levels above the surface were made at Maudheim. Continuous readings were recorded in the meteorological office from the cup anemometers and the platinum resistance thermometers inside the dish-like shields on the mast*

comes from a particularly useful and hitherto uninvestigated locality. The analysis and discussion of these observations is a lengthy process, but one or two items of interest may be mentioned. When the sun is well below the horizon, the stratosphere over the Antarctic becomes very cold. We have registered temperatures as low as −130°F in the stratosphere under these conditions. As the sun gradually returns the stratosphere gradually warms from the top downwards. For comparison, our lowest surface temperature at Maudheim was −52°F under a clear cold sky. When blizzards raged in winter the temperature would normally rise to somewhere around 0°F, with wind-speeds of fifty or sixty miles per hour. Strangely enough, the amount of snow falling and staying on the surface at Maudheim during one year was only equivalent to some 16 inches of rain—which would in most places indicate a relatively dry climate. At Maudheim, though, the air temperature never rose sufficiently in summer to melt this snow, so year after year

*The International Expedition made 650 daily upper-air observations of temperature and wind by means of balloon ascents. A theodolite is seen ready to follow the balloon's course after release*

the snow continues to accumulate, finally breaking off and floating away to sea in the shape of icebergs which melt when they enter warmer waters to the north.

Apart from general problems, the busy meteorologists provided weather forecasts during the summer months for aircraft flights from Maudheim, and for whaling factory-ships to the north. At such times Maudheim became the nerve-centre for the area, with radio providing the various communication links. In one day the radio operator would be in contact with field parties 300 miles inland, the expedition ship *Norsel* pushing through pack-ice a few hundred miles to the north, Cape Town radio, one or two whaling factory-ships and Bergen radio in Norway. Reports from these different places, together with similar ones from the Falkland Islands Dependencies and South America, enabled the meteorologists to draw daily weather maps and issue their forecasts. In the same way our own daily weather reports, which were sent by radio to South Africa throughout the year, proved quite useful to forecasters there, despite the distances involved.

These vast distances certainly emphasized our isolation. At no time in the past has a party established a wintering base within 1000 miles of the location of our base, which indeed had its sole means of communication, the sea, cut off for nine months of the year by many miles of solid ice-pack. It seemed almost an impertinence to push our piece of civilization into this unspoiled country, yet in spite of our geographical isolation, Maudheim, with its machines and equipment, was really as much a part of civilization as any city of the world. Our fuel, our food, our clothing, our huts, and our machines had all come from the same sources that supply people living in Norway, Britain or Sweden. Our people had all received training in the various schools of civilization. But the external forces of Nature that the men and machines had to contend with at Maudheim were different, and provided the obstacles, sometimes unexpected, which an expedition hopes to overcome in the field.

On February 23, 1951, as the result of such an unforeseen obstacle, three members of our party lost their lives. They had set out in good weather from the base to test a weasel which had just been repaired, and to pick up some items near the ship's landing-point. A low fog which came from the sea caused them to misjudge position slightly, and suddenly they went over the ice-cliff into the sea. Of the four men in the weasel, only one managed to swim to safety. The others have paid the price sometimes given by those who progress into the remote corners of the globe.

Both in the time of sadness following this tragedy, and in the brighter times of the expedition, those at Maudheim felt their joys and sorrows, success or disappointment, as one people. The different countries of origin, the different languages, the differences in personal tastes were still there, but the higher objectives of the expedition, the search after Nature's secrets and the happiness of our mixed community were sufficient to keep any disruptive influences well in check. Perhaps we have provided a very small-scale example of that unity which the different peoples of the world are striving to attain.

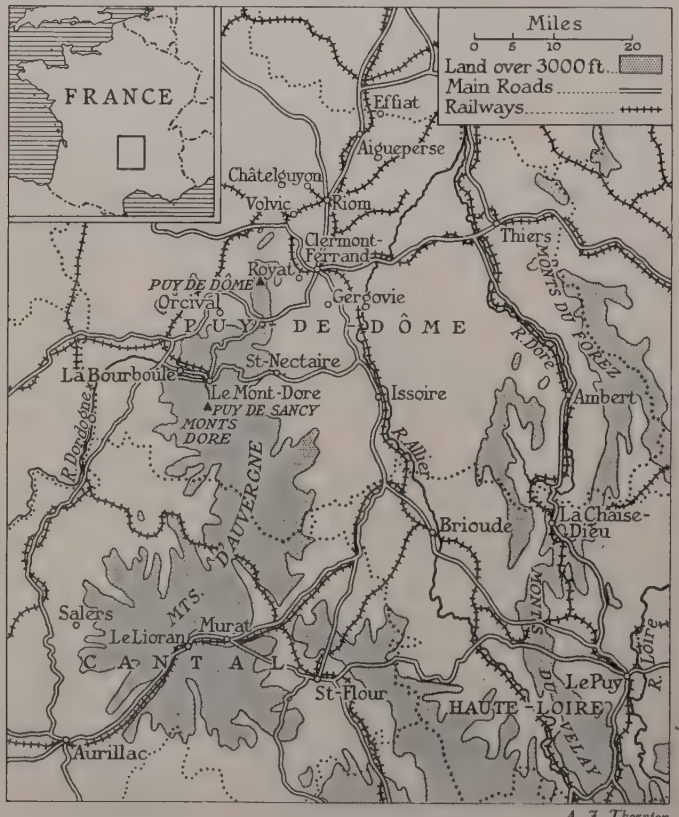
# Auvergne: the Heart of Gaul

by D. W. BROGAN

*Professor Brogan's reputation as an expert on American institutions has obscured the fact that he also knows France very well indeed, being a Docteur ès lettres and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. His works include* The Development of Modern France *and* French Personalities and Problems

Of all the great provinces of France, Auvergne is the most national. It is the most central, remote from frontiers and a great part of it is off any main route. The mountain ranges of the province are the geographical centre of France and it is possible to stand on more than one of its table-lands and see the mountains where rise, on one hand, the Dordogne, on the other the Loire and, beyond, the valley of the Rhône. Here is the heart of Gaul, historically, geographically, culturally.

The very name, Auvergne, tells the story. Almost alone of the greater provinces, Auvergne bears a native name; it is the old Arvernia, while Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, Provence in various ways recall invading races or alien dynasties. It was the chief of the Arverni who headed the great Gaulish alliance against Caesar and won, at Gergovia, that victory which, though it merely postponed the final defeat at Alesia in what is now Burgundy, made Vercingetorix the first national hero of what was to be France, the first 'resister'. It is through Auvergne that there runs the linguistic division between north and south France, the *langue d'oeil* and the *langue d'oc*. It was at Clermont-en-Auvergne that Urban II preached the first Crusade. The mountains and the plains, *la montagne*, *la limagne*, are covered with layers of historical record from the earliest time and relics not made only by men, for the most remarkable of the natural phenomena of the province, the volcanos of the range of the Dômes, were still active when man of the Stone Age began to inhabit the land. There, on the Puy de Dôme, the sacred central mountain, was set up the great shrine of the Gaulish God whom the Romans called "Mercurius Dumias", Mercury of the Dômes and, today, the great blocks of dressed stone recall the temple and the cult.




*A. J. Thornton*

But the temple is not as astonishing as the mountains. All, or nearly all, of Auvergne shows dramatic signs of volcanic action. There are long 'glaciers' of volcanic rubble that might have been thrown out yesterday. The earth is still working, as the innumerable mineral springs, hot and cold, show. But it is the mountains, the *puys*, big and little that give lower Auvergne, the modern department of the Puy-de-Dôme, its startling appearance and make of the province a paradise for geologists and geographers. There are mountains, like the Puy de Dôme itself, which are the overflow of great craters. There are empty, grass-grown craters like the

*All photographs by* **David** *Moore*

*The quintessence of the Auvergnat landscape: hills, woodlands and pastures, framed by a volcanic range; that of the Monts Dore, seen from the Gergovia plateau where the Gauls defeated Caesar*

neighbouring Puy de Pariou. In Upper Auvergne (the Cantal) there are the relics, visible to the expert eye, of an immense volcano, greater in the past than Etna or Stromboli.

It is this volcanic wealth that strikes the visitor as he drives south by Route Nationale 7 or comes across from Bourges by train. The plains begin to tilt upwards, once the Loire is crossed. By the time you enter the Bourbonnais, there are enough hills to diversify the landscape, but it is the sudden appearance of the chain of the Dômes to the west and of the Forez to the east that mark, like frontier posts, the entrance into Auvergne.

The term, like so much in Ancient France, was not very exact. Strictly, the *généralité* of Auvergne covered only the present departments of the Puy-de-Dôme and the Cantal. In the remote past, the Arvernian 'empire' covered a great part of the Massif Central and, in common usage, Auvergne and the

Auvergnats are loosely applied to much more than the two departments. But probably only the Velay (Haute-Loire) should be added to Upper and Lower Auvergne. And the province is glad to have it added since it means that Auvergne can claim, in addition to its own undisputed glories, the astonishing city of Le Puy and the great abbey of the Chaise-Dieu. The Velay is a miniature Auvergne, with its islands of more or less flat soil surrounded by the mountains. It has the same difficulties of access, the same geographically imposed isolation of its regions and very much the same types of population.

Types; for, despite a practically universal belief held by other French people, there is not one Auvergnat type. The Auvergnat of French tradition, the "*bougnat*" of so many tall stories and sometimes hostile anecdotes, is small, dark, tough, ingenious, *malin*, *roublard*, fit to bargain successfully with the Devil. His spoon is long enough to make supper with anyone quite safe. So thought that, in some ways, representative bougnat, Pierre Laval. It is this type of Auvergnat who emigrates to Paris (and even to America). There he acts as a peddler, he sells coal, he makes money and returns to his native village where he, too often, builds a modern villa that, barely tolerable in the environs of Paris, looks oddly out of place in one of the little towns of the Cantal, 3000 feet up and provided with much more suitable local architectural styles and materials. But there they are, the houses of *les Américains*, of *les Parisiens*, proof of Auvergnat loyalty to their native villages as well as to thrift and skill in commerce.

But there is at least one other Auvergnat type, tall, fair, recalling the Hebrides or Donegal, the "Gaulish" type of tradition. It may, indeed, represent the Celtic invaders of the province, but as Frankish place-names are common in the Limagne, it may there represent a direct Teutonic infusion.

Its long isolation ensured that Auvergne would keep, even into this century, many of its local customs. Even today, villages in the *montagne* are isolated enough, especially in the winter. The old custom of story-telling sessions in the winter evenings persisted. *Les veillées* were something like the Highland or Irish *ceilidh*. Buses, the attractions of the towns, the coming of electricity (for the province is rich in hydro-electric power) have more or less ended this traditional way of sitting out the winter. Then there was and is the traditional Auvergnat dance, *la bourrée*. It exists in many forms and excited the admiration of so critical a judge of deportment as Madame de Sévigné. The bourrées have their own melodies and Auvergne has a rich store of folk-music. Vigorous efforts have been made and are being made to keep the treasures of folk-lore alive, but the expert dancers of the bourrée, the men and women who know the words and actions of the courting songs, are now as likely to be middle-class enthusiasts as conservative peasants.

Something of the same fate has befallen the local costumes. Auvergne is celebrated for its lace (the Velay even more so) and it is still made and worn, but fashion dominates even the remote villages today. You can still see old women with their elaborate lace headdresses; much more rarely and as a kind of gesture you can see an old man wearing the flat, very broad hat of the province. But the young men and the young women, save on the occasion of a *fête patronale* or at a folk-lore festival, do their best to imitate Paris.

All of Auvergne is high. Even Clermont is 1200 feet up and a good deal of it is well over 3000 feet up. The climate is hard and it has bred a hard and hardy people. There are vineyards, but they are in decline. They never really recovered from the great phylloxera outbreak of the seventies and the competition with the Midi, not to speak of Algeria, was too much for many a marginal producer. Potatoes or small grains now often grow in old vineyards. But wine is still made for local consumption and so is that formidable spirit, *marc d'Auvergne*. There are magnificent orchards and so a local industry of candied fruit.

But, for the most part, the agricultural wealth of Auvergne is in sheep, cattle, horses (the Salers breed is famous). There are forests, many of them quite new, and there are one or two scattered coalmines. But with one exception, there is no "great industry". And that exception has a romantic origin. For it seems to be merely because a half-pay British officer, a kinsman of the rising firm of Macintosh, settled in Clermont, that the old and stagnant episcopal city became the capital of the French rubber industry. His descendant married a Michelin and Michelin, though by far the greatest, is by no means the only important rubber plant in and around Clermont. Indeed, the old black city on the hill (the *clara mons*) is surrounded by a far larger city of modern housing-estates and great factories.

Black; for that is the impression that not only Clermont but many other Auvergnat towns give. It is due, in the main, to the character of the local stone, quarried at

*The Puy de Dôme was a sacred mountain to the early inhabitants of Auvergne. Here dwelt a great primitive god, called Mercurius Dumias by the Gallo-Romans, who erected an impressive temple to him on the summit. This is a view looking south from the temple along the chain of the Monts Dômes, with the Monts Dore and the Puy de Sancy in the distance*

*Nearly all of Auvergne is hilly and high. Its wines are not very rich and its grain crops are not very generous. There are fine modern farms in the rich* limagne, *but in the* montagne *the stubborn peasant tills his few fields by sufficiently primitive methods under the shadow of the Puy de Dôme and other grim volcanic peaks which characterize the mountain region*

*The high plateaus and valleys of the mountain region are more profitably used to pasture sheep. The shepherd, in the summer, can be seen moving with his little wheeled hut, setting up his sheepfolds: a character out of Wordsworth, for here, at 2000 or 3000 feet, it is difficult to remember that you are not in a district akin to Westmorland, but far to the south of Paris*

*The Lac de Chambon is possibly the most beautiful of the many lakes created in Auvergne by volcanic action. It is situated over 2500 feet above sea level and combines gentle wooded scenery with the magnificent background of the Monts Dore. Though now a crowded summer tourist centre with a* plage, *hotels and holiday camps, the valley is still terribly isolated in winter*

*The Château of Opme lies on the side of the plateau of Gergovia and happily blends elements from the 13th century to the 17th century. From the castle roof there is a magnificent view towards the range of the Puy de Dôme and the tangle of hills between the sacred mountain and Clermont-Ferrand. Opme and Gergovia have more recently acquired a new historical tradition, for here the late Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny planned the military resurrection of France in her darkest days*

*The fortified church at Royat. The very troubled history of Auvergne compelled the construction of many castles and the fortification of towns. In villages which possessed no castles, the alternative centre of village life, the church, was fortified. Sometimes the priest lived in the tower of his fortress-church. Royat, the famous spa, now a suburb of Clermont-Ferrand, has a fine, though much-restored specimen of this Auvergnat exemplification of the church militant*

*The chief architectural glory of Auvergne is the series of massive Romanesque churches ("Norman", in our chronology) : Notre-Dame-du-Port in Clermont, Issoire, Orcival and the example illustrated here, Saint-Nectaire, perched on a hill above the attractive little spa, Saint-Nectaire-le-Bas. This was frequented by the sick in Roman times, but neglected from the Dark Ages until the 19th century. The other claim of Saint-Nectaire to fame is its cheese, one of the most celebrated in France*

*Clermont-Ferrand has been the capital of Auvergne since, as Augustonemetum, it replaced Gergovia, the Gallic* oppidum *of the Arverni. It became the seat of a bishopric and, in 1095, there was held the Council of Clermont at which Pope Urban II launched the First Crusade. It has a fine 13th-century Gothic Cathedral whose twin spires dominate the landscape. In the 18th century it annexed its neighbour, Montferrand, and became Clermont-Ferrand. It has a university, where Pasteur taught; it produced Blaise Pascal; but its modern fame is due to the immense growth of the Michelin rubber business*

Volvic. This volcanic stone when quarried is easy to work, but hardens quickly and darkens quickly. So Clermont, at first sight, repels many people, though not me, but then I am a native of Glasgow.

Of course there are other building stones used before and after the first working of the Volvic quarries. The great church at Issoire has a very agreeable patina, but on the whole, fine as the stonework often is, the towns of Auvergne are not made to win the eye at first sight. What *are* made to win the eye at first sight are the great Romanesque churches. There is a special Auvergnat school of Romanesque with traces of Moorish influence, not surprising in a province through which runs one of the main roads to Spain. But to possess Notre-Dame du Port, Issoire, Orcival, Saint-Nectaire, to name only the most famous, is glory enough.

Gothic, in Auvergne, is an importation. The cathedral of Clermont is, in many ways, a fine, even a noble building on the "mountain" from which the Roman city of Augustonemetum took its new name. But it is a northern importation like the cathedral of Saint-Flour. It doesn't express the Auvergnat temperament as well as do the massive Romanesque churches. Nor do the civil buildings recall the lightness of either the Loire or the Midi. Auvergne was too remote for the Court to spend time or money there, though the Orleans family owned much property round Aigueperse (including the "Butte de Montpensier" from which they took one of their titles). Marguerite de Valois was kept in more or less polite captivity at Saint-Saturnin and became the heroine of several ribald legends. But the fortified *château fort* rather than the unfortified château was more suited to this debatable land (which lay on the borders of the English duchy of Aquitaine). The wars of religion were at least as savage here as elsewhere and the Auvergne nobility had a bad reputation for ruthlessness. And one of the greatest moments in the history of Clermont, since the preaching of the First Crusade, was the visit of the young Louis XIV to punish the disorderly nobles in "*les Grands Jours d'Auvergne*". Perhaps only Effiat, where the Marshal d'Effiat, father of the favourite of Louis XIII, Cinq Mars, built an immense country house recalls the grandeur of those in the Paris region such as Sceaux or Vaux-le-Vicomte—and of it only a fragment, though a large fragment, remains.

In the towns, the bourgeoisie, the clerics, the lawyers built very fine houses, notable for their staircases and fine ironwork; and in what are mere villages, fine houses can be found, even if in a state of decay. Much of the countryside *is* in a state of decay. The losses of World War I fell especially heavily on Auvergne, whose army corps, the XIIIth, was worthy of the province that produced Desaix. Difficulties of communication in the mountains, of markets in the plain, produced a drift to the towns. Some towns, like Salers, have outlived their mediaeval economic role. Others, like the little cathedral city of Saint-Flour or the legal capital of Riom suffered in prestige through the upheavals of the Revolution. New industry (electrical machinery) came to Riom, but nothing new to Saint-Flour or Aigueperse or Aurillac. New things did come or old things were revived. There had been, since Roman times, "spas" in Auvergne. All the great modern spas show, with pride, their Roman remains. But it was not until the 19th century that catering for tourists or invalids "taking the waters" became a great Auvergnat industry. The greatest of all spas, Vichy, is just on the northern edge of the province, in the Bourbonnais. But Royat, Saint-Nectaire, Châtelguyon, the Mont-Dore, La Bourboule and a dozen others testify to the incessant volcanic activity that still goes on. Indeed, many villages have their own mineral springs and, in some, the inhabitants have keys to the locked well-heads, like the keys to London square gardens.

Quite new is another tourist industry, winter sports. At the Mont-Dore, at Le Lioran in the Cantal, the new sport and business has taken deep and profitable root. So, too, has the business of holiday camps. Hikers from Paris are too familiar a sight to excite notice or even sympathy. For the great asset of Auvergne is indestructible: its natural and strange beauty. The Puy de Dôme, the lakes that recall, sometimes Westmorland, sometimes the Alban hills, the high empty valleys of the Cantal, these are not easily forgotten. And the people? Well, they are a strange people and are proud of it. The province produced Pascal as well as Pierre Laval, but perhaps the most typical Auvergnat was Gerbert, the magician Pope Sylvester II, tutor of the Emperor Otto III and, so they say, inventor of our musical notation. He, among many other claims to fame, was fit, so tradition says, to bargain with the Devil. But we should remember, also, that the motto of the famous *régiment d'Auvergne*, one of the most famous in the French army, was: "*Auvergne sans tache*".

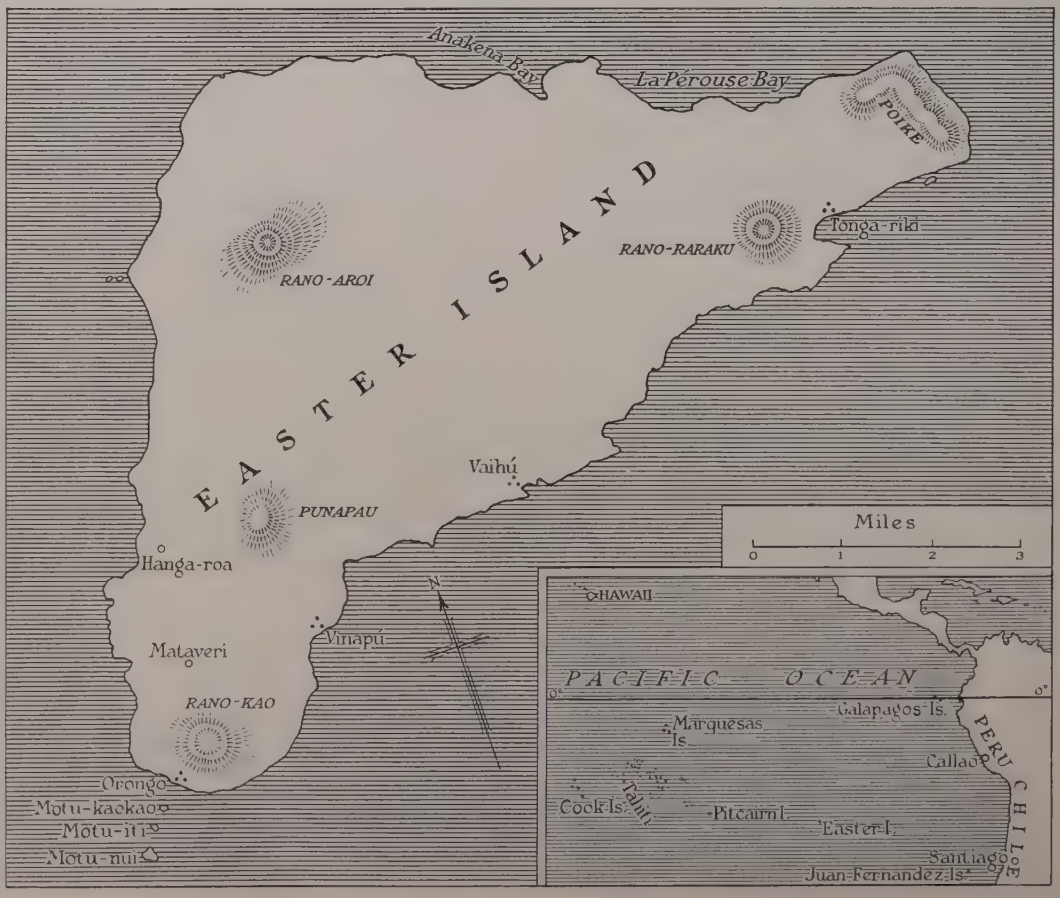
# A Visit to Easter Island

by SIR HARRY LUKE, K.C.M.G., D.Litt.

*For reasons apparent from this article, visitors to Easter Island are extremely rare; even rarer are such as the author, whom his years as High Commissioner for the Western Pacific endowed with exceptional qualifications for interpreting the mysteries of Polynesia's most easterly outpost*

PIRATES were not only among the pioneers of the ocean trade; some of them can claim a place, beside more reputable navigators, among the discoverers. It was indirectly because of some land sighted by the buccaneer Edward Davis in 1687 and supposed by him to be the mysterious Southern Continent that the Dutchman Jacob Roggeveen, following Davis's directions, discovered Easter Island on Easter Day, 1722. Roggeveen remained there for five days and his log-book gives the first account to be written of the island and its people. But it was not published until 1838.

The next attempt to reach Easter Island was made by a Spanish expedition despatched by the Viceroy of Peru, which rediscovered it in 1770, when it was formally annexed to the Crown of Spain. Four years later, in the course of his second voyage, came Captain Cook, having with him in the *Resolution* the Forsters, father and son, and the subsequent Royal Academician William Hodges. From the accounts of Cook and the Forsters and Hodges's dramatic painting of a group of the statues still topped by their enormous red hats dates the fame of Easter Island as a land of mystery, a land full of gigantic monuments of unexplained origin overshadowing a population of slender resources.




A. J. Thornton

National Maritime Museum

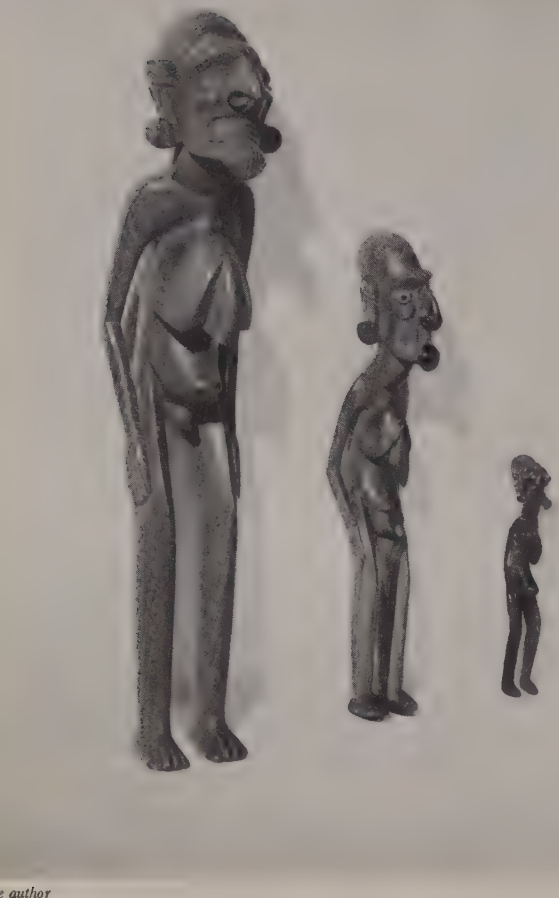
*A painting by Hodges of some of the Easter Island tribal sanctuaries* (ahus). *Three statues were still covered by 'top-hats' of red stone from a different quarry: none remain on the statues now*

"Nature", wrote Cook, "has been exceedingly sparing of her favours to this spot." In 1786 came the Frenchman La Pérouse, whose expedition made the first serious study of the island's ethnography.

The story of the impact of the white man on the peoples of the Pacific is not always a pretty one, and in this respect the Easter Islanders have fared no differently from other natives of the South Seas. Members of Roggeveen's crew, going ashore and confronted by some pilfering natives who resorted to stone-throwing, were frightened into replying with a volley which killed ten or twelve of them. In the end friendly relations were re-established, and no untoward incidents marked the later 18th-century visits. Indeed, that of La Pérouse was, as A. Métraux observes in his *Ethnology of Easter Island*, "the first attempt of white men to modify native culture by introducing new plants and domestic animals." The latter included sheep, pigs and goats.

It is not until the 19th century that the story begins to assume its ugliest tinge. In 1804 the United States schooner *Nancy* kidnapped twelve men and ten women after fierce resistance on the part of the islanders, intending to use them in a seal-hunting colony on Mas Afuera Island in the Juan Fernandez Group. Three days out of Easter Island the captives were allowed on deck, whereupon the men jumped into the sea and tried to swim in the direction of home. Attempts to rescue them were unavailing. In 1822 a whaling ship of the same nation kidnapped some girls and threw them overboard the next day. These and similar episodes changed the attitude of the natives, at first inquisitive and friendly if inclined to be light-fingered, to one of understandable mistrust.

But the worst was to come at the end of the 1850s with the development of the guano industry on the rocky islands off the Peruvian coast. In the course of the next few years most of Easter Island's able-bodied men, including the king, Kaimakoi, his son Maurata and many of the learned elders (*maori*), were crimped by Peruvian blackbirding expeditions and transported to those sun-scorched, glary, waterless pieces of rock whose only covering consists of deposits of stinking guano. When staying at small Peru-



*The artistic talents of the Easter Islanders are now only expressed by small carved wooden figures called* moai kavakava, *which represent emaciated, deformed, old men with protruding ribs and a grotesque grin*

e author

vian ports opposite some of these islands I myself have found it hard to bear the stench in a westerly wind, even at distances of ten and fifteen miles. No fewer than nine hundred of the wretched captives perishing from the intolerable conditions on those dreadful places within less than twelve months, the Bishop of Tahiti, Mgr Jaussen, induced his Government to protest to that of Peru against this scandalous state of affairs as a blot on civilization. The British Government supported the French representations, and Peru agreed to repatriate the survivors. There were by then only one hundred of them, and eighty-five of this pitiful remnant died of smallpox on the journey home. The fifteen who lived to see their island again introduced the smallpox to a population with no immunity against this imported disease, and most of those who had escaped the clutches of the blackbirders lost their lives in the consequent epidemic.

From this grim tragedy of the guano islands, and not from the subsidence of some lost continent, date the disintegration of the ancient culture, the end of the kingship, the break between the past and the present and the reduction of the population from an estimated maximum of some six thousand to one of its lowest recorded figures, one hundred and eleven. None of the maori, repositories of the country's traditions, was left to transmit to the next generation the old learning and the interpretation of their script, which has hitherto defied all the efforts of scientists to decipher it. Only one form of Easter Island art survived and continues to flourish, if now in a somewhat debased form: the small carved wooden figures called *moai kavakava*. These generally represent emaciated and deformed old men with bent body, grotesquely protruding ribs and spine, bald pate, beaky nose, nutcracker jaws and backward-curling goatee beard, the lips tightly drawn in an ugly rictus. The head suggests a sinister caricature of that of Mr Punch.

At this, the lowest ebb of their fortunes, help came to the islanders in the form of Christianity, brought to them by a Frenchman, Brother Eugène Eyraud of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart of Picpus. The new faith made good progress and the last pagan was baptized a few days before Brother Eyraud's death in 1868. But the island's troubles were far from over. Since the end of Spanish rule in the South American Continent it had been a political no-man's-land, at the mercy of any lawless adventurer. In 1870 there descended upon it one of these, a ruffianly French seafaring man named Dutroux-Bornier, who 'married' the leading native woman and proceeded to set the people against the missionaries. He did this with such effect that Bishop Jaussen, in whose jurisdiction they were at the time, felt compelled to withdraw them to Tahiti. Some hundreds of the now increasing popu-

lation, who could not endure the regime of Bornier, followed them thither. The Easter Islanders found life among their fellow-Polynesians of French Oceania not uncongenial. Many of them and their descendants remained in Tahiti until the early years of the 20th century and brought home, when finally they returned, an admixture of Tahitian blood and speech. They also brought home something else that has proved, alas, equally persistent—the scourge of leprosy.

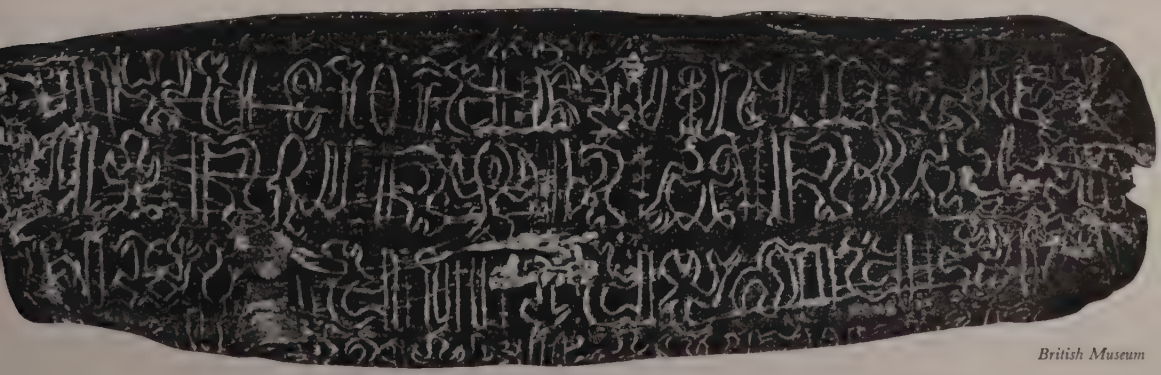
Meanwhile the islanders who had remained with Bornier, many of them against their will, could bear with him no longer; a French man-of-war, calling at the island in 1877, found that he had been killed a short time previously. The French continued, through the Bishop in Tahiti, to exercise ecclesiastical jurisdiction until 1892, but politically the island was annexed in 1888 by the Republic of Chile, whereupon things began gradually to improve. Economically the island's resources increased with the gradual development of the sheep industry, which now has a flock of 35,000. It is managed by a firm which, as holder of a pastoral concession over the greater part of the island, administers it as the Compania Explotadora de la Isla de Pascua. The concession, which reserves to the natives a sufficient area of land around their one settlement of Hanga-roa and a percentage of the sheep, was taken over in 1945 by Mr Charles Daly, an Englishman long settled in Chile as a sheep farmer on a large scale. The concession is at present due to expire in December 1955. What will take its place is not yet decided.

In going to Easter Island in 1952 I was realizing an ambition dating from the time when I was serving in other parts of the same ocean as Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner for the Western Pacific. It is an ambition not easily fulfilled, for no travel agency can sell you a ticket to this remote, almost fabulous speck of land. The island is usually visited only once a year, normally by a vessel chartered by Mr Daly to take out the necessary supplies and mails and bring back his annual wool clip. On this occasion those services were undertaken by a Chilean man-of-war, which was including the island in a training cruise for midshipmen and young seamen.

The first part of my journey was made comfortably and expeditiously in two-and-a-half days by the B.O.A.C. direct service from London to Santiago; the rest of it at a rather slower tempo. By the courtesy of the Chilean Government I was allowed to take passage in the cruiser *Presidente Pinto*, and in the island I was the guest of Mr Daly in the Company's comfortable bungalow at Mataveri, a mile or so above the village of Hanga-roa. While the natives have named every single locality, however insignificant, from volcanoes and lesser hills to each one of the two hundred odd pools into which peat and bulrushes have broken up the surface of the crater-lake of Rano-kao, it is only in relatively modern times that they have given a name (Rapa-nui, "Big Rapa", as distinct from Rapa-iti, "Little Rapa", an island 1600 miles to the westward) to their island as a whole. They had no need for one in earlier days since they were not visited, after the original migrations, by the inhabitants of other groups of islands nor did they travel elsewhere unless forcibly removed by the blackbirders.

The island is forty-six square miles in area, triangular in shape, volcanic in origin. It lies 2300 miles from the coast of Chile and about the same distance from Tahiti to the west. The nearest inhabited land is little Pitcairn, home of the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, halfway between it and Tahiti,

*A wooden tablet incised with the Easter Islanders' pictographic script, which no-one has yet been able to decipher. No specimens remain on the island but some survive in various museums*



*British Museum*

. Gerstmann

(Above) *A view of the grassy uplands of Easter Island. Punapau is in the foreground and Rano-kao beyond.*
(Below) *The extinct volcano of Rano-kao, whose crater is one of three containing lakes on the island, lies at its south-western corner. The shrine of the bird-man cult is situated on the lip of this crater*

. Gerstmann

but there is of course no communication between the two; Easter Island is still one of the most isolated places on earth. The population, with settled conditions, is once more on the increase: in the last eight years it has risen by something like forty per cent. It consists today of 762 natives and a score of whites. I myself am included among the latter, having come in for the island's first regular decennial census, taken on April 26 last during my week's stay ashore.

The islanders are of Polynesian stock and speak their own dialect of the Polynesian language, modified to some extent in recent years by that of Tahiti. Their devoted parish priest, a Bavarian Capuchin named Father Sebastian Englert, who knows his people intimately and has also made himself an authority on the island's history and archaeology, reckons that only 90 of the 762 are pure Polynesians and that 20 of these are part-Tahitian. All the others have a greater or lesser admixture of European blood from a variety of sources. But all, however much white blood may run in their veins, speak their own language among themselves. Tahitian influence is perpetuated by the Church, for their hymn-books, dating from the time when they were a part of the Tahitian Mission, are in that language. They are now in the jurisdiction, very sensibly, of the Missionary Bishop for the Araucanian Indians in the south of Chile. Easter Islanders without exception are devoted adherents of the Roman Catholic Church, assiduous in the practice of their religion. Hearing them sing their hymns in Father Englert's little church, the typical Polynesian harmonies rendered with full-throated Polynesian gusto, took me back more than ten years to the time when I would listen to Polynesian congregations singing identical hymns at the other end of the Pacific.

The Church, in the persons of nuns from the same Araucanian Mission, has charge of the island's one school; politically, the administration of the island is the responsibility of the Chilean Navy. Easter Islanders are prohibited, in their own interest, from migrating to the mainland, the *Continente*, where they would be irretrievably lost among the alien millions; on the other hand they are not taxed and not conscripted. The recently constituted police force consists of four unpaid volunteers. The whole population, men, women and children, go about on the small but sturdy island ponies, and all those able and willing to work find employment in the sheep industry with the Compania Explotadora.

So now at long last, after periods of bitter experiences at the hands of the white man, their lot has become more assured. A paternal Company not only gives most of them regular work but enables them to buy their major requirements—foodstuffs, soap, tobacco (but not spirits), blankets and towels, cooking utensils, building materials—in its *pulperia* (store) at well below cost price. The Church, through a beloved priest with an apostolic sense of vocation, is their guide, counsellor and friend; five nuns serve respectively the school and the leprosarium. A Commander in the Chilean Navy exercises benevolent administrative oversight on behalf of the paramount Power; a Society of Friends of Easter Island with branches in Valparaiso and Santiago collects money for the lepers and other social services.

Even so, it would be reasonable to expect to find them still nourishing resentment at the memory of their former ill-treatment and exploitation, yet this is obviously not the case. Their demeanour towards visitors is more than friendly: they greet them with exuberant demonstrations of welcome; ever on their lips is the musical salutation *iaorana* derived from their Tahitian contacts. Discoverers and travellers from the 18th century onwards unite in complaint of their pilfering and scrounging propensities—traits comprehensible enough in natives of a small island which sees a ship so rarely—but it can be said with equal truth that they are generous in pressing upon the visitor gifts of island curios which they cannot always hope will elicit greater gifts in return. I had such things thrust upon me at the very moment of embarking in a rough sea, when I was clearly in no position to stage a counter-demonstration. They are certainly avid for pieces of cast-off European clothing, which they value more than cash; but it must not be forgotten that, although they cling to their Polynesian tongue, some European blood now runs in the veins of most of them.

They have even a sense of humour. Attached to the domestic staff at Mataveri were two aged Rapa-nui ladies, both of part-European descent. On the morning of our arrival they came to my room to collect my washing, for one was the laundress and the other, a wrinkled old crone with raven hair and skin of the darkest mahogany, the ironing woman. The latter remarked that she was French. "Very black French," interjected the laundress, who knew a few words of English and was a shade or two lighter in colour. While I was packing on the day of

*R. M. Gerstmann*

*Some of the only Easter Island statues still standing, by the quarry in the Rano-raraku crater. Those that stood on the platforms for which they were designed were overthrown in tribal fighting*

departure the pair watched the proceedings with rapt fascination although my travelling wardrobe, restricted to the minimum, was beyond words scanty and dull. The object that particularly riveted their attention was a red silk scarf with white polka dots, on which they fastened a magnetic sort of gaze. Not once did they ask for it, but their self-restraint could positively be felt.

As they were nice old bodies and had rendered me service I made up my mind to part with the scarf although it formed at the time a useful part of my rudimentary equipment; my difficulty was that there were two candidates and only one scarf. Tentatively I proposed their drawing lots, but as neither seemed keen on the suggestion the only alternative solution was a Solomonic one. I cut the scarf obliquely in half and left the island with the satisfaction of having made those two old women supremely happy.

I found the Easter Islanders, so far as I could judge after only eight days among them, a friendly, readily smiling, peaceable people; this opinion is confirmed by those who know them well. Serious crime is practically unheard of and there is no prison because none is needed. There has been, I believe, no murder in the island since that of the infamous Dutroux-Bornier in 1876. What a change from the habits of their fierce and warlike ancestors of inter-tribal hatreds so deep and so sustained that up to the time of the Peruvian deportations they were still overthrowing, with immense expenditure of energy, skilfully directed, the statues from the burial platforms of rival clans.

And this brings me to the subject of the monuments and other cultural manifestations. All around the island, placed a short distance from one another in almost unbroken line close to the shore, are the *ahus*, the tribal and family sanctuaries and burial-places of pre-Christian days. Father Englert has counted 244 of these ahus, which correspond more or less to the *malaes* or *maraes* of other parts of the Polynesian world. The most important type of ahu has as its central feature a stone platform on which stood the *moais*, the famous stone statues—sometimes only one but generally five or six and in the case of the Tonga-riki ahu as many as fifteen. To adorn the ahu was the function of the statues, placed in a row with their backs to

the sea, overlooking the family lands. But none stand on them today; each one has been laboriously overthrown in the course of inter-tribal fights and now lies on the ground below them.

The island is dotted with volcanic cones, extinct or dormant, but at each corner rises a volcano more prominent than the rest, containing a crater-lake and hence called a *rano*. That of the eastern corner, Rano-raraku, is the quarry of the moais, for its grey tuff is soft and easily worked. There are just over six hundred moais in all, finished and unfinished, and ranging from fifteen to thirty-three feet in height, some hundred and fifty of them still attached to the quarry in various stages of completion. The only upright ones in the whole island are those beside the quarry, twenty lining the inside of one sector of the crater, forty around the base of its outer slope. These figures, with their scornful, archaic features, their low brows but square jaws and distended ears, their long, pinched, tip-tilted noses, their thin lips pursed in a supercilious sneer, form the most bizarre gallery of sculpture ever created by the hand of man. Unlike their brethren on the ahus, the forty outside the crater stare out to sea from unseeing eyes, haughty, inscrutable, seeming to brood over a past whose secrets are locked within those tightly closed mouths.

To transport these stone monsters across rolling country all over the island, sometimes for distances up to ten miles, was a remarkable achievement for a primitive people with practically no timber at their disposal. There are now many clumps of trees—eucalyptus, Persian lilac, cypress, bamboo—scattered about the inhabited end, but they have been introduced in recent times by the Company and other Europeans. And, to make their problem yet more difficult, these incredible people saw fit to top their statues with hats, also of stone, also of gigantic proportions, but of a *red* rock for contrast, quarried from an entirely different part of the island, the crater of Punapau. Many hundreds of able-bodied men must have been kept actively employed in rolling statues and hats from their respective quarries to the appointed ahus, then in throwing up numerous and lofty ramps from which to assemble the finished works of art.

Considerations of space prevent my enlarging upon the island's other principal cultural manifestations: the wooden tablets whose script, as has been said, no-one has contrived as yet to decipher; the low, boat-shaped houses; the shrine of the bird-man cult on the lip of the crater of Rano-kao. From this dramatically situated spot with its strange rock-carvings of the bird-man and

*An unfinished statue in the Rano-raraku quarry. They range from 15 to 33 feet in height and, of the 600 or so existing, some 150 are still attached to the quarry in various stages of completion*

*R. M. Gerstmann*

other symbols you look down a sheer thousand feet onto three tiny islets, Motu-nui, Motu-iti and Motu-kaokao, the last-named nothing more than a sharp needle of rock. From Motu-nui watch was kept each spring by servants of the competitors for the first egg of the sacred *manutara* bird, the sooty tern; its discovery was the signal for complicated ceremonies, the shaving of the head of the finder's master, and the inauguration of a new bird-man for the ensuing year.

This amazing outcrop of artistic products, and the people who created them from their scanty acres and scantier resources, have certainly captured the imagination of the world. In fact, they have sometimes captured too much of it. I have sought to describe Easter Island's people and monuments as they are today without entering into the various speculations and arguments that have been advanced about the origin of the one and the other. That would be a lengthy task; but one or two points may be stated quite briefly.

*British Museum*

*A stone carving, eighteen inches across, representing the bird-man holding the first egg of the* manutara, *the sooty tern*

First, the ahus encircling the island in an unbroken series provide evidence that the island's shape has not altered since ahus and statues were made. Moreover, the geological evidence is against its having done so. We can therefore dismiss the theory that they are the handiwork of a vanished race of a vanished continent. Equally negligible is the suggestion that the statues were brought thousands of miles from other parts of the Pacific. In what? In the frail canoes of Pacific navigation? Not even the biggest double canoe could have accommodated the smallest moai, let alone the larger ones. No. Reason and the evidence alike point to the great stone carvings of Easter Island being the work of local Polynesians, the forbears of the present islanders. Nor are they of fabulous antiquity. They date almost certainly from the present millennium, probably even half millennium. Ethnologists agree that such works fall within the general cultural pattern of Eastern Polynesia, which happened to attain its most majestic development in this particular and most remote fragment of the Polynesian world.

These considerations invite reference to the theory on the origin of the Polynesians in support of which Thor Heyerdahl and his fellow-Vikings crossed half the Pacific and risked their lives on the raft *Kon-Tiki*. Heyerdahl, believing that the Polynesians entered the Pacific, not from Asia as is generally accepted, but from South America, handled his problem in proper chronological sequence by proving that they *could* have done so as the preliminary to arguing that they did so. I was in Peru when the *Kon-Tiki* was being finished, meeting Heyerdahl several times during the process, and was present at her christening (with a coconut) by a charming young Norwegian lady at Callao on April 27, 1947. It was an interesting experience to attend the expedition's ceremonial send-off on the greatest sea-voyage in an open craft made by white men since Bligh brought the *Bounty's* launch 3600 miles from Tonga to Timor without a casualty among his eighteen companions.

But I must confess that I for one can detect no true resemblance between the statues of Easter Island and those of the High Andes. The only similarity I can see between Easter Island and Incaic work—and it is undoubtedly a striking one—is that between the masonry of the platform of the ahu at the locality Vinapú, and to a lesser extent of two others at Vaihú near by, and some of the characteristic Inca masonry of Cuzco. This, and a few words in common, would certainly seem to indicate some sort of contact between the island and the distant South American mainland; but could there not have been contact without the corollary that the Polynesians sprang from that continent?

Could not a stray Peruvian raft or two have anticipated, by the accident of being carried right out to sea, the planned voyage of the *Kon-Tiki*? Five Easter Islanders whom I met were similarly carried in a small boat more than 2000 miles to Tahiti, and returned to tell the tale. Then there is the local tradition, tentatively put forward by Father Englert in his recent book, that at one time a now submerged archipelago, called Hiva, lay scattered between Rapa-nui and the Peruvian coast. And there is always the possibility that the Polynesians, those supreme island-hoppers, carried the impulse that led them eastwards to its logical conclusion by making the last leg of all of their long migration from Asia.

# Tales of a Surveyor

## III. The Piper's Lament

by BRIGADIER MARTIN HOTINE, C.M.G., C.B.E.

*Brigadier Hotine, Director of Colonial Surveys and a Vice-President of the Royal Geographical Society, is well known as a writer and lecturer on scientific surveying. This is the third of a series of lighter reminiscences in which he relates some strange experiences in out-of-the-way places, visited in the course of his professional career as a military and colonial surveyor*

In many parts of East Africa a lake is known poetically as a "breast of water", which is not to say that African tribes had any knowledge of the curvatures of Mother Earth. Indeed, there are some authorities who would take away the poetry altogether by informing us that *ziwa* originally meant not only a breast but a receptacle of any sort. Be that as it may, the expression is used only for those small lakes whose confines can be appreciated in one sweep of the eyes; it is not used for the vaster expanses of the three Great Lakes, which are nevertheless also receptacles.

For them, there is a well-worn Bantu root which appears among the tribes surrounding Victoria Nyanza in such forms as *nyanja* and *enyanza*, and crops up again in southern Nyasaland as *nyanja* and *nyasa*. We may wonder, then, why Tanganyika, the long sheet of water between these two, is named quite differently. Certainly the Waha, on the north-east shores of that middle Lake, have the same root *inyanza*, but with a rare prolixity of language they also talk of *ikitanga* and for short *tanganyika*. And if we may hazard a guess, these last two words are comparatively recent importations from the Coast up the old slave route to Ujiji, having something to do with sailing and a wilderness of reeds. The tribes at the south end of this Lake are even more perverse in using the word *liemba*, which has been purloined by Europeans to name the Lake steamer, well-known over many years to all travellers in Central Africa. To account for these variations by differences in the streams of Bantu migration would land us in deep and possibly hot water, besides taking us too far away from the point.

All this being so, Victoria Nyanza and Nyasaland are just supportable as frank hybrids, although they often lead to mispronunciations which offend delicate ears attuned to the liquid Bantu vowels. But Lake Nyasa is the length, breadth and depth of tautological absurdity in two languages. Try naming the best-known features in Scotland Lake Loch or Mount Ben and listen to the comments in two languages. But there is nothing we can do about it now, and I am not attempting to beat up support for a lost cause.

Now Lake Nyasa was undoubtedly discovered by a Scotsman (apart from earlier Portuguese maps and reports) and we may wonder whether he was responsible for giving it this name. The Scot I knew who was nearest to that event in time and space denied it vehemently and was quite sure the English had done it. With unanswerable logic, he said that no true Scot would have called it a lake anyway. I am inclined to agree.

The Scots are usually right in these matters and there is some justification too for their boast that the first to arrive in any corner of the original British Empire was invariably a Scot. From some observation, I would also agree that the second to arrive must have been another Scot, so that they could construct a nine-hole mashie course and celebrate St Andrew's Night.

I do not claim to understand the Scots any better than the Chagga, so I will say nothing about them which they have not already said much better themselves. Incredibly hard-headed in most respects they do have an extremely soft spot in the cerebellum for Scotland. Wherever they may be, they will quote yards of the national poet on the subject, and sing all the songs of the national songster, as if no poetry and no songs had ever been written or sung anywhere else by anyone, not even by other Scots. Tears well up in their eyes at the thought of their native land, as never in adversity and under no other provocation. Yet if there should be any possibility of going back to Scotland, the harder parts of the head immediately take charge. The oversea-faring Scot will go anywhere in the wide world which offers

scope for his talents, but not back to Scotland. Lots of good stories have been concocted about that by Scots in Abercorn and Blantyre; I merely state an accepted fact, without being foolhardy enough to suggest an explanation.

In many ways, the Old Scot was no exception. Among other pioneering ventures, he had taken a steamer up to Lake Nyasa in bits, slinging on poles the bits that were too heavy for heads, put it together again, and sailed it for years all around the Lake. He had also walked over most of the country and had crossed and re-crossed Mlanje looking for something or other which he never found, perhaps gold. He would have scorned to talk of Mlanje Mountain, in our modern way, because to him, and to the southern Lake-dwellers, Mlanje was *the* mountain, just as the Shiré was *the* river.

The time came when most men consider well-earned retirement to their native land. He built a bungalow alongside the Chambezi in Northern Rhodesia, which bears not the slightest resemblance even to the lower Clyde, and for occupation looked after the ferry on the Great North Road, at what I suppose ought to be called Scots Corner.

Nor was the Young Scot any exception to the national character, though he hadn't then got to the stage of returning anywhere. He and I had much in common, despite the difference in nationality. When we first arrived together in Africa, we had been solemnly warned by an old missionary to go wherever we might be going by entirely separate routes, and if by any mischance we met on the way, then we should camp at least a mile apart and send one another formal invitations to dinner. In that way, we might emerge still friends, without knowing in advance exactly what the other was going to say next, and having the scream ready in the throat.

The exigencies of the surveyor's profession enabled us to follow this sage advice without making special *ad hoc* arrangements. Whenever we did meet, which was all too seldom, St Andrew's Night seemed to be as good an excuse as any, and between whiles, we would swap yarns by light signal or by bush telegraph. I liked to think of him consoling himself on some lonely windswept peak with his beloved bagpipes, which had always to go with him, no matter how light or fast the safari (or *ulendo* in north-eastern Rhodesia), whatever else had to be temporarily jettisoned.

We were on our way together once to measure a base in the Sabi valley of Southern Rhodesia. Between one job and the next we had nothing to worry about and for once were not in a tearing hurry. One of the Old Scot's daughters and her husband—old friends of ours—were travelling with us, so we decided to stage at the Chambezi. The journey, in the unaccustomed luxury of motor lorries, had been swift and uneventful and we had pitched camp, got cleaned up, and were all ready to break the rules by starting the party an hour before sundown.

One of the imps, which are not far below the surface in any of us, provoked me into suggesting that the Old Scot might care to hear the pipes, no doubt for the first time in many years. He said he would like that fine, but only if they were going to be played properly. Despite modest protests from the piper, I assured him that would be so, and he then insisted they must be played across water to be any good; the Young Scot would have to walk down to the ferry and up the other side of the broad river, through the usual lush vegetation. There was some argument as to whether this was fair and reasonable. The daughter expressed maternal anxiety about him returning through the bush after dark with so many wild beasts about, and that of course settled it; he would go and play to the greater carnivora whether we wanted to hear him or not.

We remembered the old crack about keeping the inside of the bag soft with whiskey and arranged for that to be supplied orally. The Young Scot then set out with


*A. J. Thornton*

his customary grace and charm, and the rest of us got down to a set of doubles.

The Old Scot served with the bald statement that the pipes were the favourite music of the Devil. That of course was pure coat-trailing, designed to lull the English into lobbing back an easy one; but between us, the husband and I remembered *Tam o' Shanter* and knew that its theme was by no means a Scottish preserve—we had no wish to be treated to a long dissertation on all that. So the husband and dutiful son-in-law put a wicked spin on the ball and drove it back along the side-lines by enquiring whether that was the reason for persecuting pipers in Scotland between 1570 and 1624. According to a treasured possession of the Young Scot, *The Highland Bagpipe* by Manson, that was so.

The return came back very fast and low over the net and we raced for the back line. The Old Scot said that was what he meant, but the same period was distinguished by savage increase in the persecution of witches both in England and Scotland, but mostly in England, so that period was nothing to go by. It was on the tip of my tongue to reply with union under a Scottish King, also in the same period, but I wasn't sure where that would lead. The difficulty about arguing with Scotsmen, particularly on this subject, is that they always plan three moves ahead; they 'feed' one, get back the obvious answer, and then smash it. But this time the Old Scot hadn't got his mind on the game. Before I could get into position for a back-hander, he had left the court.

The mere mention of witches had wafted him to Nyasaland in one hop. He told us of the old Cathedral on Likoma Island, in Lake Nyasa, which had been built on the witches' burning ground—and much else. He reckoned there might be some truth in witchcraft—it was hard to account otherwise for some things that happened—at any rate we didn't know enough about it to be sure there wasn't. For instance . . .

Into an already charged atmosphere, there floated across the dark river the agonizing sounds of a small boy being pursued by a swarm of mammoth bees: the piper was tuning up. But he soon burst into the majestic cadences of the "Massacre of Glencoe". We stopped talking, but not for long. We discussed that shame of shames and sorrow of sorrows. The Old Scot said he knew a gorge the dead spit of it in Nyasaland.

Marches, reels, jigs, strathspeys followed in profusion. We had only to shut our eyes to see the nimble feet clearing the cruel swords; and the Old Scot discoursed at length on Yao initiation rites.

To my untutored ear it was a virtuoso performance, and the whole magnificent pageant of Scotland, grave and gay, clan by clan, skirled around our ears. But the last sparklet siphon had been flat and the Old Scot carried on a long and involved technical argument about that with his house-boy in fluent Chinyanja.

The tempo changed abruptly and the pibroch rose, lingered and fell in the heart-wringing strains of "MacCrimmon's Lament". The two Scotsmen of course knew it in the Gaelic. Most Englishmen, who seldom survive the hoots of merriment which greet their efforts to pronounce the simplest words, cannot achieve that depth of experience, but it is moving enough in the Scott version, or better in Blackie's more faithful translation:

> The tearful clouds the stars are veiling,
> The sails are spread, but the boat is not sailing,
> The waves of the sea are moaning and mourning
> For MacCrimmon that's gone to find no returning.

The Old Scot was silent at last. Absent and fumbling, he mixed himself another drink and kept his back towards us for a long time. At such moments, the more sensitive Englishmen may think that if they tried much harder they could begin to understand the Scots.

The sparkle had gone right out of the party in a wave of foreboding. We all fell silent and moodily awaited the piper's return. He seemed to be a long time, and no doubt the others too were mentally ticking over the arrangements for a search party, though no one said anything.

Half-an-hour later, he burst fresh into the light, wearing the slightly superior air of a newcomer in the back parlours of country inns late at night. We fell over one another to mix him a drink and gently steered the Old Scot towards voicing our combined appreciation.

It was, said the Old Scot in a kindly tone, quite a bit like the pipes, especially the last piece (*sic*). But, of course, this wasn't the place for them. The proper place was across the Shiré on a high crag of Mlanje. Some day he would go back to the Nyasa country and the Young Scot must go with him.

# West Africa in Transition

by ELSPETH HUXLEY

*Having spent many years in Africa and written and broadcast extensively on African affairs, Mrs Huxley recently visited all four British West African territories and here sums up a very important aspect of her experience: the relationship between nationalist fervour to substitute Africans for Europeans and the stability necessary for the vast capital investment that Africans desire*

It is well over three centuries since Richard Jobson, gentleman, home from his bold exploration of the Gambia river, urged his countrymen to share his "apparent hopes of so great a Golden Trade, which at this time seemes so needfull, that by the general complant of our great want, the earth hath shut up her rich bowels toward us in other places." Away from the seaboard, it is less than sixty years, in most places, that the flag followed trade inland to fly over a superstructure of well-intentioned, incorrupt colonial administration. And now, so very soon after the start of this great experiment, it is ending.

The Union Jack still flies over Government buildings but other flags have already been designed to replace it, and in the Gold Coast, which is nearest to complete self-government, few are the conversations with white officials which do not sooner or later turn to the question: "How long?" Yet there is the paradox that at no time since the long association between Britain and West Africa began, has so much British effort and money been poured into her four Guinea Coast dependencies.

Everywhere you go, you see new buildings going up—schools, colleges, universities—often buildings of formidable ambition and cost, like the new universities at Ibadan (Nigeria) and Lagon Hill (Gold Coast), both of which need about £5,000,000 of capital merely for a start. An architect I met in Kumasi told me that his firm alone had contracts for over £4,000,000 worth of schools, teacher-training colleges and technical institutes. Everywhere there are new roads, thousands of miles of them surfaced with tarmac, new factories to express palm-oil from the nuts, new houses for technicians, new hospitals, new industrial projects like the United Africa Company's giant sawmills, and schemes in several parts of West Africa for the scientific farming of selected blocks of land under European management, and for increasing the output of peasant farmers by introducing limited mechanization.

A great deal, though of course not all, of the capital for these costly projects comes from the British taxpayer through the Colonial Development and Welfare Fund and the Colonial Development Corporation. The former finances mostly good works like education, health services, rural water supplies, leprosy control, research and so on; the latter, schemes which are supposed to produce food or raw materials and eventually to pay for themselves. Owing to the sad failure of its two major West African projects, the rice and poultry schemes in the Gambia (as well as a fisheries venture in the same small dependency), its name is somewhat clouded over at present; but everyone hopes that under new management it will make a better showing. In Nigeria it is participating in equal shares with the Nigerian Government in a promising pilot scheme for the development of an arid, empty stretch of country in the so-called Middle Belt, at Mokwa, combined with the resettlement of families from overcrowded areas who are taught to conserve, not mine, the land.

Nigeria is drawing nearly £7,000,000 from the Development and Welfare Fund to add to her own Ten-Year Development Plan first estimated to cost £50,000,000, now probably double that sum. Thus the territories are themselves finding huge sums, largely out of profits made by the various Marketing Boards set up to buy from the growers and sell in world markets the main West African crops: cocoa, ground-nuts and palm-oil. During five years of rising prices these Marketing Boards have been wisely laying aside nest-eggs which they are now using for development, mainly on education and the improvement of roads and docks.

All this means more outside capital, skill and manpower, and here we meet again the paradox. With every step towards self-government, a new influx of Europeans seems to pour in. The white population of Lagos has risen from a few hundreds before the war to well over 12,000. The suburb of Ikoyi is indeed astonishing. Where, a few years ago, all was bush, thick and snake-infested, today

John Harrison

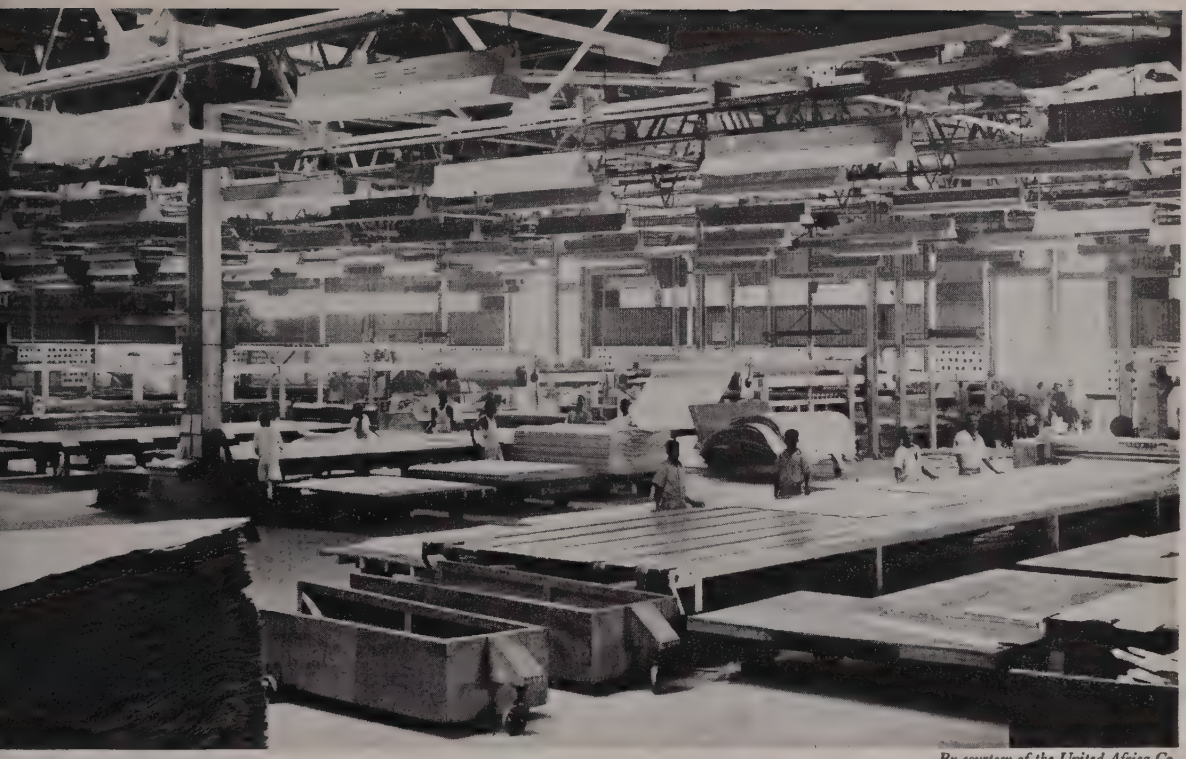
*Millions of pounds of public money are being spent, mainly for education and health, in the Gold Coast, where* (above) *Wesley Girls' Secondary School, Cape Coast, designed by Maxwell Fry, and* (below) *Accra Hospital live up to a catchphrase now locally current: "Nothing but the best is good enough for Africa"*

Central Office of Information

*Elspeth Huxley*

*Government Departments and public companies are investing large sums in new industries for West Africa* (Above) *Rice is hulled and parboiled at a Sierra Leone factory.* (Below) *New houses for European staf of the United Africa Company's timber plant in the Gold Coast do not suggest uneasiness about the futur*

*By courtesy of the United Africa Co.*



*By courtesy of the United Africa Co.*

(Above) *These industries need many skilled African workers, as in the veneer shop of the United Africa Company's new sawmill at Sapele, Nigeria.* (Below) *Mechanization is the key-word in agriculture, though over-ambitious Government projects have revealed many snags: ploughing swamps for rice in Sierra Leone*

*Elspeth Huxley*

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Elspeth Huxley

*Cocoa and ground-nuts are, with palm-oil, West Africa's staple crops. Both are bought, through middlemen, by Government Boards which sell the whole crop in world markets at (in times of rising prices) a profit which may be used for social purposes as well as for price stabilization.* (Above) *Women of Kano, Northern Nigeria, shelling ground-nuts in the traditional mortar, which has been superseded in some parts of West Africa by the more efficient mill.* (Left) *Gold Coast farmers waiting with their cocoa bagged up ready to be loaded onto collecting lorries*

there rise modern blocks of flats where perambulator-borne white babies sun themselves on balconies and English typists set out in their nylons to catch a bus. Whole new departments have sprung up, like that controlling Commerce and Industries, employing Europeans of a type little known before in West Africa: technicians, foremen and the like. Certainly I got no impression that Britain was pulling out of West Africa—quite the reverse. More Britons than ever before are going in.

Yet, behind all this, there is still the question: "How long?" There are memories of India, Burma, Persia, Egypt, Indonesia, Palestine. White skins may multiply in streets and offices, but in one important place they dwindle: that is in the local parliaments.

What Shakespeare called "the shadowed livery of the burnished sun" is here worn by all members, who line the benches in many varieties of dress from loud jackets and sports ties to the voluminous embroidered robes of the Muslim potentate. All, that is, save half-a-dozen white faces, some on the front bench and the others unobtrusively planted among the buoyant Africans. In a carved chair up aloft sits a dusky Speaker, and below him the wigged clerks. This is all a close imitation of Westminster. Later, the African strain will surely assert itself and a hybrid spring from this exotic parent. At the moment there is an element about it of fancy dress.

Such is the Gold Coast Assembly, and it has a significance that far transcends its place as the legislative body for a country of some four millions. If the eyes of all Africa south of the Sahara are not on it, that is because the peasant in farm and village has no means of seeing so far; yet even to him, in the market, from brothers home from travel, rumours are coming of a country where Africans are now the top men, where a great Leader left the white man's prison to become a Prime Minister and speak as equal to the Governor.

It is no accident that in the Gold Coast, the only country I know where District Commissioners fly little Union Jacks from their cars' radiators, officials of the Convention People's Party, now in office, fly a flag from *their* cars. The inference to be drawn by villagers is clear.

The Gold Coast has not yet achieved complete self-government. The Governor still retains some powers, there are three key European Ministers in the Cabinet and nearly all the heads of Departments are senior Colonial Service officials. This is a transitional stage to give African Ministers a chance to learn while they earn, so to say. (And earn they do, lavishly; Ministerial salaries are £2500 a year with perquisites like cars and secretaries.) As their experience grows, so will Europeans withdraw until the façade becomes a façade no longer, but the building itself.

There is, of course, much impatience to see this process completed. Politicians, newspaper editors and others gain popularity by inveighing against imperialism and calling for the full measure of freedom. The delicate task of Sir Charles Arden Clarke, the Governor, and his senior officials is to keep a balance between African inexperience and popular impatience. To judge the right pace at which to hand over the machinery of government without, on the one hand, courting a breakdown or, on the other, losing the people's goodwill requires a prodigious feat of mental tight-rope walking. The present Governor has so far performed it with great skill. Given clumsy handling, the Gold Coast could have been a shambles by now.

As the first African dependency to reach the goal of British colonial policy, it is bound to set a pattern others will want to follow. The model is a 20th-century democratic state based on unrestricted popular franchise. In fact it follows meticulously the British pattern, with the difference that there has been no time to educate the country's new masters. At least eight people out of ten are illiterate; in Nigeria the proportion of literates is far lower. Literacy is, of course, no measure of intelligence or capacity to form judgements, and all over British Africa elections have been successfully held with a secret ballot and all the correct machinery. The voters make their mark opposite a symbol—a lion, an elephant, a lizard—representing one of the candidates. Often a tier of electoral colleges has been erected up which every would-be legislator must climb. This is an attempt to keep out the city slicker, the demagogue. It has been almost too successful in Nigeria, where it has kept out Dr Azikiwe, the most influential figure in politics, who has lived since childhood away from his native town and so has no parish council to appeal to.

The electoral college device is naturally unpopular among the politically ambitious barristers, journalists or traders pretty much cut off, like Dr Azikiwe, from their roots and highly urbanized. In Nigeria they already demand simple, direct elections on the British model, which has been copied in the Gold Coast. In future, demagogues may be expected to multiply.

The dictionary defines a demagogue as "an unprincipled or factious mob orator or political agitator". "Unprincipled" is perhaps the key-word. In Africa there is as yet only one political principle, and that is a purely negative one: to get rid as quickly as possible of the European. There are no political parties as we understand them, only leaders, and no nation-states to claim the floating loyalties of men severed by education from their tribal communities. It is therefore hard to see what object, person or concept an individual can be expected to esteem more highly than his own self-interest. I do not suggest that Africans lack the sentiment of loyalty and devotion—far from it; merely that the objects of their immemorial loyalties, chief and tribe, are being swept away by the tornado of Westernism and that new objects have not yet replaced them. In their absence, a man's personal advancement and enrichment may be expected to become, in a large proportion of cases, his guiding star.

There is another rather delicate matter much discussed by Europeans and Africans alike up and down the West Coast. That is the prevalence of bribery and corruption in all branches of life.

Naturally enough, Africans keenly resent accusations that bribery is widespread. Yet everyone knows that no African can normally get a job without paying some other African who acts as intermediary with the white official. As a rule there is a regular tariff. In Port Harcourt (Nigeria), for instance, the fee to get *considered* for the police force (no acceptance guaranteed) is £20. I saw a letter to one of the District Officers offering him a pound above the usual rate for an interview. Once a man has bought an official position, however humble, he can expect to get his money back many times over out of petty exactions. An African acquaintance of mine complained very bitterly that he had to pay £5 to a clerk in the Secretariat to get a passport. He considered the amount excessive. Possibly this system might be compared with the purchase of commissions in the British army, which continued until the end of the 19th century.

Few Europeans doubt that once the whole civil service has been Africanized, bribery will spread to all aspects of public life. Most Europeans and some Africans are shocked by this; but to be shocked implies a moral judgement which is surely misplaced. Bribery in Africa is not a misdemeanour because it is not socially condemned; on the contrary, it is often an expression of good manners, of respect. The universally practised system of "dashes" is a heritage from tribalism far from spent. No man would dream of seeking the good offices of his chief without first making a present of yams, palm-wine, a chicken or two. To do otherwise would be boorish indeed. A rich man will sometimes "dash" a chief one of his daughters in order to show his loyalty and keep relations sweet.

Such a custom is the precursor of bribery, yet it is scarcely bribery in our sense of the term. It is true that a man would expect some return for his "dash", but this would lie partly in benefits intangible and even mystical. In times of stress and famine the chief's duty was to succour and protect his people. His was the heavy task of organizing defence against enemies or, where possible, successful wars of aggression. He must intercede with spirits and propitiate tribal ancestors. Almost everything of real importance depended on him, and it was only reasonable to sustain him with gifts of produce, labour and wives. The system had many points in common with Europe's feudalism, with the chief as lord of the manor, king and tithe-exacting parson rolled into one.

One of the West's main gifts to Africa hitherto has been the system of bureaucracy. It is one of those elements of Westernism, like trousers, football, photography, writing and medical injections, that Africans have picked out and made their own, and that are likely to continue, in some shape or form, when Europeans go. In Britain, bureaucracy did not sweep, as a ready-made system, into the midst of feudalism. It followed, not preceded, the rise of a middle class carefully trained for these new responsibilities in places adapted or founded for that very purpose, the Public Schools. In these, future bureaucrats were trained to think bribery shameful, an attitude which certainly did not prevail in the 18th century.

This is a step to which the breakneck speed of the British political scramble out of Africa —just as precipitate as the previous scramble to get in—eliminates. Bureaucracy has come in before the future bureaucrats have been evolved and trained for it. (I mean trained morally, which can only be done in childhood, not instructed in the techniques.) And so, with self-government in sight, the combination of tradition plus speed must surely result in a large, venal bureaucracy replacing the tribal system now in decay. It is understandable that Europeans who have built up a splendid and almost unbribable civil service

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(Above) *The Gold Coast Assembly is modelled closely on Parliament at Westminster; the Speaker and all but nine of the eighty-four members are African. The Minister for Local Government, the Hon. E. O. Assfu-Adjaye, is here seen introducing a Bill.* (Right) *Africanization of the bureaucracy is also proceeding. Clerks in the Lagos Employment Exchange register applicants for jobs. In many branches of Government and commerce, the low salaries of clerks are, as a matter of course, augmented by unofficial charges for securing interviews, obtaining permits or in other ways furthering the business of African citizens*

anticipate the collapse of these high standards with dismay. Sick at heart, they prophesy doom, forgetting that in the world at large an unbribable civil service is the exception and not the rule.

It is, however, arguable that a corrupt political system such as Britain had until the mid-19th century was a comparatively light burden when governments did so little, but might prove a crushing weight to carry when the heavy hand of government is in every pie. A planned state may, or may not, be better than an unplanned one; a badly planned state is a disaster.

This view may be over-pessimistic. A British fault is to be too godlike in outlook. Bent on creating new countries in our own image, we are dismayed when they strike out a line of their own. It is as if Adam and Eve gave birth to a cuttlefish or a salamander. In Africa, we have striven to implant a number of neat, efficient, orderly, peaceful, virtuous and enlightened little parliamentary democracies based on universal suffrage and political equality (or, as a Colonial Governor put it, on the assumption that two fat heads are better than one long head). A noble ideal; but not necessarily one which appeals to Africans. When previously left to themselves, they had evolved something quite different. The truth is that Africans take what they want from the bewildering assortment of novelties pressed upon them, and leave the rest.

I should expect to see those African states that become quite self-governing develop more on the lines of, say, some of the South American republics, where politics are on the whole a game of power played by a small number of men divided into warring factions in which the ordinary citizen has little part, and where personalities always count for more than principles. There is nothing depressing about such a prospect, so long as you do not regard it as a sacred duty in other countries to copy Britain, or consider political freedom to be the paramount virtue. Neither the Puritan spirit nor a passion for individual liberty seems to be indigenous in Africa, where a certain lethargy, varied by outbursts of excitement, is the normal response to a baking tropical climate lacking the long, hard winters which, in the north, have promoted forethought, doggedness of character and a tendency to brood over matters of principle.

If these emergent states wear rather a different aspect from the one we designed for

*West Africa, having put on the roof of democratic self-government before laying the foundations of popular education and economic stability, is now trying hard to catch up. In the Gold Coast, teams of Mass Education instructors tour the villages to teach all comers to read simple sentences*

*Elspeth Huxley*

Elspeth Huxley

*Teacher-training is the 'bottle-neck' which restricts the quick expansion of education so ardently desired. Colleges are going up all over West Africa to train the trainers of future citizens. The difficulty is to find enough recruits with sufficient education themselves to learn how to teach others*

them, will either their happiness or our own security and wellbeing necessarily suffer?

For their happiness none of us can speak, save to affirm that each society must be the architect of its own. For us, the matter is largely one of trade.

The British went into West Africa to trade and it may be that the ultimate test of the success or failure of our sojourn there will prove to be whether trade can survive the flag. For trade can only flourish under conditions of reasonable stability. Moreover it is a purely British view to regard it as of less importance than administration and justice. Africans like, respect and enjoy it, and whatever the state of their politics they will want to go on trading with the West.

The big trading firms may well find it easier to deal with African Ministers who themselves take a keen interest in the subject, rather than with British civil servants who share the Puritan and Socialist point of view that to make money for yourself instead of being paid by other people is sinful. For instance the new Nigerian Minister of Commerce and Industry is a nephew of the largest woman trader in Eastern Nigeria and a famous Port Harcourt character, Mrs Mary Nzimero, whose yearly turnover runs into hundreds of thousands. The chances are that such a man would be more likely to encourage trade than a white official whose main object is to tax it.

The worst threat to stability perhaps comes from an over-hasty urge towards Africanization. It is, of course, perfectly natural for Africans at last tasting power to wish to sweep the whites as quickly as possible out of the senior posts they occupy, and to fill these with compatriots. Not only are the jobs themselves the best paid, but to keep on Europeans is to admit in the eyes of the world that Africans cannot handle them—to admit inferiority, which it is the whole passionate object of nationalism to deny and disprove. The trouble is that there are just not enough trained Africans to go round. We are not dealing here with Asiatics who, while until very recently ignorant of Western techniques, had behind them centuries of mental discip-

line and moral training, but with a background of tribalism. The art of writing, and of the mental speculation which this permits, being altogether new and alien, still seems semi-magical; and many Africans do not realize that a man who has passed a correspondence course in business administration is not *ipso facto* qualified to replace Mr Geoffrey Heyworth as head of Unilever. This attitude, a very common one, is condemned by many as conceit. Really it is a failure to appreciate that a technical qualification is merely a tool which a man can use well or ill, according to his capacity, and not a crown of achievement.

Clearly this attitude could lead to chaos if it forced on Africanization regardless of common sense. A single small instance may perhaps illustrate this. A certain quasi-government corporation wished to engage a man to fill a technical post at the docks, involving the reorganization of methods of loading produce, and taking steps to stop heavy losses through theft. A man with wide experience of shipping and of proved integrity was therefore needed. The position was advertised in the United Kingdom and several excellent and experienced candidates were found. The Board, however, had been Africanized. (None of its African members, incidentally, knows how to read a balance sheet.) It insisted that the job should go to an African. The post was advertised locally and the choice narrowed down to a Wesleyan schoolmaster and a clerk in the finger-print department of the Police. At this the General Manager, still an Englishman, struck; the Board remained adamant; and the post remained unfilled. In time, of course, the General Manager's job will also be Africanized.

It may be that nationalist fervour in this direction will abate once independence is a *fait accompli* and the first thrill of power wears off. In this lies the best hope for West Africa. An extreme nationalist policy would gravely threaten economic advance. And without that advance, West Africa would degenerate into a rural slum.

There is indeed that danger, to which a population growing more quickly than its food-supplies powerfully contributes. In development lies the only avenue of escape—development on all fronts, of land, communications and of industries.

It is here that a clash seems to threaten most directly between the needs of the region and its political bent. In a nutshell, the trouble is this: for development, very large sums of money are needed from the West. But if these countries are to have immediate self-government under strongly nationalist control, where is the security? The shadow of Abadan falls heavily over West Africa.

The Volta scheme in the Gold Coast provides a case in point. The project is to dam the Volta river, erect a hydro-electric plant and with its power exploit deposits of bauxite said to be the largest in the sterling area. A new port at Tema is planned to evacuate the aluminium. Estimates for the whole project now run in the region of £100,000,000 or more. Of this, the aluminium interests, largely Canadian, would contribute about half and the rest would come from the British Government.

Such a scheme would add to the world's wealth and at the same time benefit enormously the people of the Gold Coast, at present far too dependent on the chancy and disease-threatened cocoa crop. Everyone is in favour. But millions can hardly be sunk in such a scheme if, at the end of the ten years needed to launch it, a nationalist government might, like Dr Moussadek's, simply expropriate it. Where such sums are involved the promises of individuals more than likely to be out of office in ten years' time are scarcely adequate.

Herein lies perhaps the greatest danger in the accelerated political development of West Africa—the danger that outside help and capital may be scared away. Without it, Africa will be hamstrung. To secure it, nationalists will have to compromise. Many realize this, and the great majority of Africans are not antagonistic to Europeans. But the political system which is taking root gives, and may increasingly give, little weight to sober opinion and too much to the extreme nationalist politician who, often himself incompetent, must seek a scapegoat to hide his own failings. In Africa, scapegoats are always white.

So we come back to a political system which has been forced on African society for ideological reasons of our own, just as the Spaniards forced Catholicism on the Mexicans. There is nothing about it that is indigenous and it may well prove fundamentally unsuited to the African climate and character.

Africans will themselves adapt and change it—in time. In time, every country gets the government it deserves and desires. The transitional period will be difficult, but can be managed with skill, patience and a lively sense of realities. Africa has been turned upside down by the idealists, which will no doubt be good for it; it is now up to the cynics to save it.